A Spectre Is Haunting Communism

November 14, 1957 25¢

MUSICAL CHAIRS IN CALIFORNIA POLITICS (page 23)

THE REPORTER

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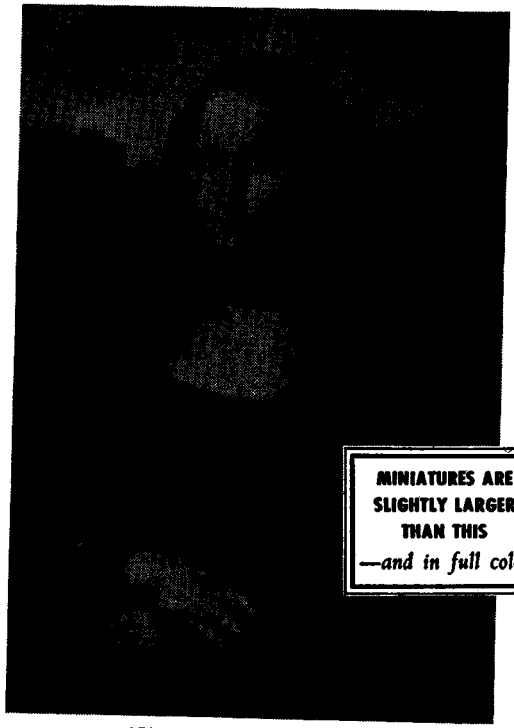
PLEASE NOTE: Since the Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum.



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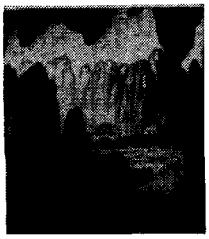

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Who Are They Kidding?

When at the conclusion of the meetings between President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan the "declaration of common purpose" was released, we felt that there was nothing we could do about it: We just had to read the historic document. We like to think that we owe it to our readers to go over, word by word, all the "declarations" and "charters" that keep pouring out of the White House. Or maybe it is just that we have a masochistic streak.

This addiction to White House "declarations" does not—we are glad to reassure our readers—dull our emotional responses. That goes particularly for joint Anglo-American pronouncements, which are uniquely effective at making everybody who reads them gasp and yawn at the same time. Who will ever forget the Eisenhower-Eden declaration of February 1, 1956? (The question is highly rhetorical and proves the risks of charter addiction. What we actually wanted to say is that to the best of our recollection the Eisenhower-Eden document, which charted the future for mankind, represents perhaps the highest point ever reached in Anglo-American celebration of common bonds in commonplaces.)

When we finished reading the latest document, our mood was quite somber. Mr. Macmillan had rushed to Washington under the impact of Sputnik and had spent three days talking to the President and the Secretary of State because free men everywhere badly needed to be both reassured and inspired.

This the declaration attempted to do in its twenty-two paragraphs. It used the word "freedom" (or "free") twenty-five times. Example: "For all peoples yearn for intellectual and economic freedom, the more so if from their bondage they see others manifest the glory of freedom. Even despots are forced to permit freedom to grow by an evolutionary process. . . ."

There was not a word about the Middle East, which is the spot where the danger to peace is now the most alarming and where the American and the British governments have been following policies that could not be called exactly identical. The principle of collective measures taken by associated nations was upheld by the declaration. The rightful, most legitimate association of nations is the U.N., but "if the Soviet Union persists in nullifying these [the Charter] provisions by veto, there must otherwise be developed a greater sense of community security." Some "if"!

The joint foreign policy of the United States and of Great Britain is, if we understand it correctly, a diplomacy of rebound: It operates only *if* those mean Russians prevent U.N. action. But let's not be discouraged, the declaration proceeded, for there are "nearly fifty free nations" —a sort of quasi-U.N.—united by some kind of "collective defense arrangements." "All members of this community, and other free nations which so desire, *should possess more knowledge* of the total capabilities of security that are in being and in prospect." The words we have italicized have been quoted all over the place as representing the major achievement of the Eisenhower-Macmillan conference. Knowledge of new weapons is obviously considered equivalent to possession. And anyway, isn't it true that knowledge makes men free?

WE COULD go on quoting much more and point out, for instance, that nothing has been achieved regarding the exchange of some scientific information with Britain and other countries—an exchange that, according to the New York *Times*, could have gone ahead immediately without modification of the Atomic Energy Act. Congress will be requested to amend the act, which means that the buck will be passed to Congress.

Oh, yes, we could also mention that the declaration has come out in favor of economic development "especially in the less developed countries," and of "expansion of trade throughout the free world"—though, if the United States intends to do anything about lowering its tariffs, no one has heard of it.

But, really, this is enough. In all modesty, we think we have done more than our duty.

The first reaction of the press to

PERFUMES OF ARABIA

Is this a dagger which I see before me?
It sure is, brother; under quite a cloud,
Along with watches, cash, and cars
From Saud.

But these were gracious gifts from state to state,
Tokens of gratitude. The G.O.P.
Accepts no minks and freezers, you
Can see.

Between this courtesy to kings, and bribes
Passed among fellow Democrats, the line
Is crystal clear. But brother, is it
Fine!

—SEC

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the declaration ranged from cold to mild. This is as it should be, we thought. But after a few days the incredible happened. Although no further information on the fateful meeting was given or leaked to the public, some of the same newspapers that had perfunctorily approved the document started exalting it as a turning point in history. It is a "Declaration of Interdependence," proclaimed the New York *Herald Tribune.*

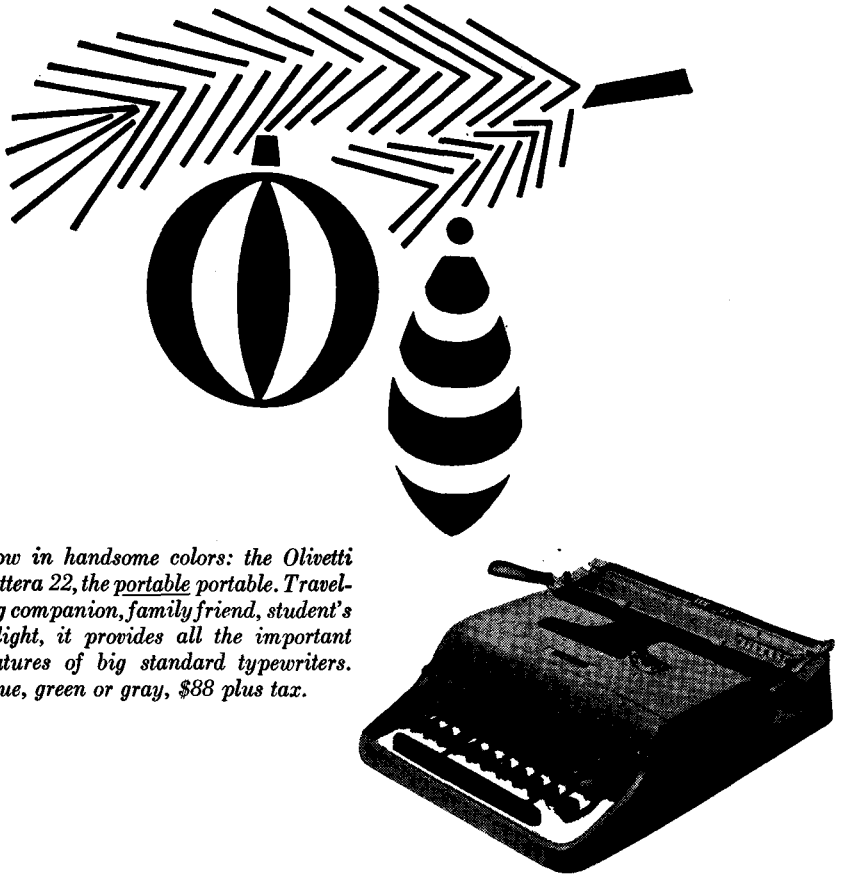
The mass-circulation weeklies were not to be caught short. The account of both the conference and the declaration given by *Time* magazine is ecstatic. "It was a portentous declaration," intoned *Life.* To *Newsweek,* however, goes the credit for the most startling and, we hope, not quite accurate statement: "To dramatize the importance of the conference, Mr. Eisenhower himself drafted several passages of the communiqué."

The Durable Mr. Weeks

Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, one of the four remaining members of President Eisenhower's original Cabinet (along with Dulles, Benson, and Summerfield), has such good qualifications that he may well be kept in that high post until 1961. How do we know this? Well, Department of Commerce Official Release No. 6586, "Secretary of Commerce Weeks to Promote Trade on Foreign Trip," gives us a fairly complete picture of American businessman-politician "Sinny" Weeks, past and present. Don't let the title of the release mislead you, because only seven lines of it concern his promoting trade on a foreign trip. The fourteen-page conclusion, from which we quote below, is entitled "Biography and Human Interest Features of Sinclair Weeks, U.S. Secretary of Commerce." Excerpts:

"In person, Sinclair Weeks is a soft-spoken, stockily-built man of 64. Referring to his New England background and his genial firmness, one newspaper called him an 'adamant Yankee!' . . . Publications often have described him as 'Mr. Business.' . . .

"One of his intimate associates is reported to have characterized Sinclair Weeks as 'two-thirds businessman and one-third politician.' He began both careers in 1914, the year



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THE REPORTER

136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

of his graduation from Harvard College.... When he returned in 1919 from war service in France, young 'Sinny' Weeks went back to his bank job and ran for the office of alderman....

"Photographers who caught him at his desk in the Commerce Department found him with a telephone head-set such as switchboard operators wear. He told them it freed his hands to make notes. During one long conversation, he said, he wrote three letters.

"Neither an extreme free-trader nor an extreme protectionist, Secretary Weeks is for every sound measure that will promote healthy, two-way trade.

"The Secretary's avocation is farming. Cat Bow Farm, a large beef, dairy and maple-products farm on a bend in the Connecticut River in Lancaster, is reunion headquarters for the entire Sinclair Weeks clan. With more than thirty persons, including all grandchildren, his is the largest immediate-family group now represented in President Eisenhower's Cabinet.... Secretary Weeks is particularly proud of his farm's maple products. Anyone who receives a gift-can of the syrup may be sure it is a sincere token of the Secretary's esteem.

"Secretary Weeks is a firm believer in the rights of all groups in our citizen society.... The balanced ticket that he had a leading role in originating [in Massachusetts] gave racial representation to state candidates from Governor down. It resulted in the 1952 election of Christian Herter, who is of Scandinavian blood, as Governor."

The last two pages of the release are devoted to a section entitled "Secretary Weeks on Peace." We aren't going to bother quoting from it because—you guessed right—he's for it.

Keeping Little Rock on the Map

In the second half of October a deep silence descended over the civil-rights battleground of Little Rock, interrupted only by the President's brief remark at a press conference that he was hoping to withdraw Federal troops soon.

But behind the cloak of silence, which left America with the impression that matters were gradually

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mending, irreconcilables were still at work. On the last day of the month they came into the open with an order of the Little Rock City Council to arrest any officers of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People found in the city. The action was taken because the N.A.A.C.P. had declined to comply with an ordinance requiring that the names of all its local members be produced. It is obvious that the ordinance was written to intimidate the N.A.A.C.P., and the N.A.A.C.P. is fighting it as a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Silence or no silence, this simply goes to show that we can continue to count upon a residue of local bigots to walk roughshod over basic principles of American law. The world is not going to be deprived of news from Little Rock.

Cars That Fly

Although the Defense Department still seems well behind the Soviets in the field of guided missiles and rocketry, keen imaginations have been at work in Detroit and have now produced new lines of cars that are described in language suggesting that they can virtually take off into space.

Russia built Sputnik, but Buick has devised the "Air Born [sic] B-58." Ford, also with eyes on the stratosphere, has launched the "New Interceptor V-8." Dodge's new projectile is the "Swept Wing '58," while De Soto wages a competitive battle with a "Turboflash" that comes in "Fireflite," "Firedome," and "Firesweep" series. Chrysler, with its new "Auto Pilot," "Pushbutton control Torque Flite," and other attributes of a space ship, comes with monster engines up to 400 hp, as if the driver's aspiration were to try to break the sound barrier.

We do not think the time has come when the Federal Trade Commission should step in and warn the auto makers to watch their advertising until it can be proved that their new cars can actually perform the feat of levitation. But it might be helpful if a comparable enthusiasm took hold in the Defense Department, which is still struggling to get off the ground.

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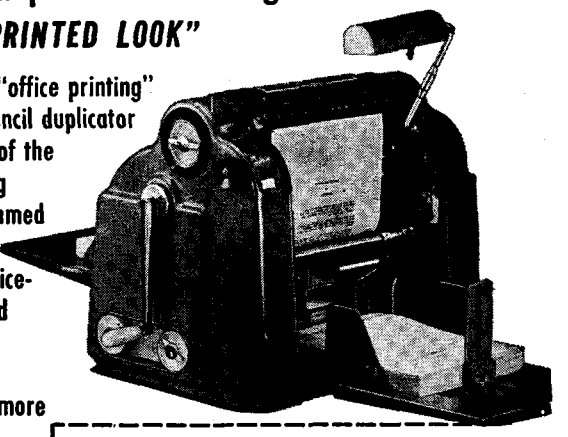

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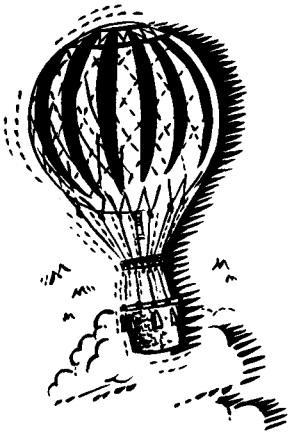

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Also, although most magazines have already raised their rates once or more in recent years, this is The Reporter's only increase since it began publication more than eight years ago. And during those eight years, incidentally, The Reporter has won ten major journalism awards and a growing enthusiastic audience of now more than 122,000 readers.

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THE REPORTER

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CORRESPONDENCE

LEAD AND LAG

To the Editor: The article by William H. Hessler, "Big Boom Along the Ohio," in your September 19 issue was highly interesting and thought-provoking.

The Ohio River, now undergoing major improvements for barge transportation, is a vital part of our own transportation complex, especially for western Pennsylvania. The enormous new power-generating plants, while they do not use our coal, are heartening to us as indicators of what can lie ahead in the field of steam generation of electric power from our coal. And the influx of new industry along the river and its tributaries means new industrial and consumer markets for Pennsylvania industry.

Mr. Hessler points out rightly that the entire Ohio Valley development is a wholesome mixture of private enterprise and governmental investment in resource development. On a much smaller scale, we in Pennsylvania are well along on a private-public industrial development program, involving industry, financial institutions, community organizations, utilities, and railroads, which is spearheaded in our State Department of Commerce. We are making a real dent in the problem of economic redevelopment for our "blighted" areas, and in building a larger measure of stability and growth potential into our business and industrial structure.

I believe that *The Reporter* does a real service to economic development with articles of this type for the reason that none of these economic goals can be achieved without wide citizen understanding and support.

GEORGE M. LEADER
Governor
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

To the Editor: I first encountered *The Reporter* on British bookstalls about a year ago, and since then I have bought every copy as it has become available.

The latest issue to reach me is that of September 17, and I am astonished to read in William H. Hessler's article the following: "Some day, perhaps, atomic power from great reactors may begin to supplant coal as an energy source, but that day is a long way off."

That may well be true in America, but it certainly is not true in Britain. The type of reactor which your author thinks is a long way off has been in use at Calder Hall atom power station in Cumberland for most of this year. Three similar stations are in course of construction, and complete atomic power plants are available for sale to foreign countries.

JOHN THOMAS
Glasgow, Scotland

SOLDIERS AND SOVEREIGNTY

To the Editor: Hermine Herta Meyer's article, "Can U.S. Troops Get Justice in Foreign Courts?," in your issue of October 3, points out that many of our allies afford much greater protection for persons accused

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of crimes than do our own laws. In such cases the Supreme Court's decision that "A sovereign nation has exclusive jurisdiction to punish offenses against its laws committed within its borders," unless it chooses not to, offers no Constitutional dilemma. A U.S. serviceman on trial in such an allied nation would still have his Constitutional rights and privileges intact.

Such rights and privileges may not be so well preserved under the judicial processes of all our allies, however, and while the Supreme Court could hardly have ruled that a sovereign nation was anything but sovereign, it has yet to rule specifically on whether a U.S. citizen in uniform may be deprived of the rights and privileges afforded him under the U.S. Constitution simply as one of the duties imposed on him as a draftee.

There is clearly a national dilemma here, and *The Reporter* can be of service by instituting a "great debate" on the subject. For example, is it an inevitable consequence of our role in world affairs that in some cases an American citizen cannot be guaranteed all his Constitutional rights and privileges? Does an individual have any recourse through the U.S. judiciary to keep the government from ordering him into places or to perform certain tasks where he will be deprived of his Constitutional rights?

We need to hear a good deal more on these problems.

ALBERT E. BROWNING
First Lieutenant
United States Air Force

SUBLIMINAL COMMERCIALS

To the Editor: After reading Marya Mannes's article on subliminal projection, "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Commercials," in your October 17 issue, I am sure I feel as much trepidation as did the reporters present at the demonstration.

However, we have more to be depressed and uneasy about than merely being "bored" by invisible sales messages. Such a projective device can be used by governments, political machines, and even religious denominations for both good and evil.

EARL W. SAUNDERS
Associate Director
Wesley Foundation
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: The concept of subliminal projection is horrifying and might even drive some viewers back to their bookshelves. And yet, in a subliminal sort of way, Miss Mannes's remarks and the concept are provocative.

Obviously, the advantage and benefits pass to the nation's psychiatrists. The frustrated viewer-consumer buys another and yet another box of soap chips to add to his already overladen closet shelves at home. Or worse, in the psychological conflict resulting from an overdose of subliminal projection, he can't make the necessary decision and so does without. As I say, the implications are horrifying.

JAMES B. MEARNS
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's delightfully foreboding article on the use of subceptive devices by television advertisers need not be a cause of concern to TV viewers, for I have already thought of an antidote. My idea is to construct a little electrical gadget that sits on the top of the television set and subceptively flashes the word "DON'T" at appropriate intervals. One need only glance at this gadget from time to time to protect the integrity of his unconscious.

ELLIOT ARONSON
Stanford, California

To the Editor: It was with mixed feelings that I read Miss Mannes's article.

It would seem we are no longer to see how Mrs. Jones brushes her teeth only twice a day and still manages to keep her lovely breath and teeth clean and sweet. But why stop at toothpaste? Why not feature Politician X, who is running for re-election, during a program of Heifitz? Music, politics—what more could a man want? Or how about an anti-Semitism commercial during a playing of Bach by Schweitzer? Hate your neighbor without knowing why—be the first on your block.

Have our values of honesty, decency, and dignity sunk so low as to allow the almighty advertising dollar to completely rule our lives?

RICHARD HARRISON
Brooklyn

DECISION IN THE SOUTH

To the Editor: I have for some time liked you, and respected your judgment of current events more than any other periodical I have seen. But the October 17 editorial "The Curse of Indecision" left me with a dissatisfied sense of oversimplification.

I live in a mountain county of northeast Georgia where the Negro population is relatively small, descended from slaves of pioneer settlers. There has never been real race friction here. I am a Yankee colonist of twenty-five years' residence, descended from Beecher abolitionist grandparents.

What I felt the editorial missed is that though the agitators strike matches, they do not provide the fuel. It is *there* in the form of millions of sincere, uninformed, unjust opinions.

I suggest that you, Mr. Ascoli, come and experience the Deep South at first hand, as you recently and admirably did in Israel.

R. W. NEW
Sautee, Georgia

THE GREATEST INSULT

To the Editor: I must write to thank whoever wrote the *Reporter's* Note in your October 31 issue entitled "The Greatest Insult." It expressed beautifully something that badly needed saying.

GEORGE CHRISTY
New York

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WHO—

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"A SPECTRE is haunting Europe . . ." Thus ran the opening line of the Communist Manifesto in 1848. In his editorial **Max Ascoli** says that it is now Communism's turn to be haunted. What haunts Communism is freedom—that noblest and truest of all ideas, so mistreated these days both by its Communist enemies and by some of its zealots. On this last point, the first of the *Reporter's* "Notes" has something to say. That Communism is in trouble is proved by the first four articles in this issue. Yugoslavia's attempt to go it alone the Communist way has not been a brilliant success according to **George Bailey,** a man who knows both Communism and the Russians. . . . **Isaac Deutscher** gives his interpretation of how Zhukov got the ax. . . . **Patricia Blake** spent two months last year in Russia reporting on scientific education. . . . In China, where **David Hotham** traveled as correspondent for the London *Times* and the *Economist,* Mao's "hundred flowers" blossomed for only a little while and now are dust.

IT SELDOM happens that a state political campaign gets under way and attracts national attention more than a year before the elections—but, of course, what doesn't happen in California? **Bruce Bliven** was for many years editor of the *New Republic*. . . . **Natalie Davis Spingarn** is a free-lance writer. . . . We continue our coverage of what is taking place in the development of our great metropolitan areas with a study of a housing project in Cleveland by **Oscar H. Steiner.** This article is of special interest since it is written not by a theoretician of city planning but by a builder. . . . The article on Spain by **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, might really have been joined to the group of articles in this issue that deal with the satellite countries. For in Spain, too, the leaders are haunted. . . . **Edmond Taylor,** our European correspondent, writes about a German politician whose recent appointment as vice chancellor virtually makes him heir apparent to Chancellor Adenauer.

Joseph Szigeti, the distinguished violinist, is an important figure in American musical life. . . . **Robert H. Albert** and **Nora Magid** are members of *The Reporter* staff. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith,** writing about Canada, is himself Canadian-born; he teaches economics at Harvard. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is music editor of *High Fidelity.*

Our cover is by **Carol Hamann.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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MAX ASCOLI

A Spectre Is Haunting Communism

That Soviet technology is getting ahead of ours is worrisome enough, but the unending crises within the Soviet leadership are nothing to make us cheerful either. Even assuming that the successors of the commissars do not cherish the prospect of nuclear war any more than we do, how can we reach even a tenuous substitute for peace with men who are so little at peace among themselves?

Stalin is very dead indeed. While he lived it was easier for the West to deal with Communism, contain it, and counteract its thrusts. Since his death, the totality of power that was his could not be reassembled in the hands of any one single man. Khrushchev is credited with having set in motion the centrifugal pressures still operating in the Soviet world. Perhaps he could not help it.

This astute, bouncy man, this sorcerer's apprentice, is hard at work trying to recapture the forces that he himself—or Stalin's death—unleashed. They run fast and make for change. So far, he has succeeded in establishing himself as the beneficiary of most of these changes. But how long will his luck hold?

Not long, we think. He may be more clever and ruthless than Stalin. He may even succeed in curbing Zhukov and other chieftains of the Red Army without running into any greater trouble than Stalin did when he had Tukhachevsky murdered. But from now on, how can he embark on a trip abroad without tempting someone to do unto him what he has done unto Zhukov?

His way of conducting Soviet affairs creates considerable problems for us, too. Less than a month ago he was mad at us for not inviting Marshal Zhukov to Washington. The visit "would contribute to an understanding," he told James Reston. Had the two old soldiers met again after Geneva, they would presumably have dealt with more serious subjects than the health of the Aberdeen cattle at the Gettysburg farm. And how would the President, how would the world have felt had Zhukov been demoted promptly upon his return from Washington?

These Soviet leaders act like men possessed or, perhaps we should say, unpossessed. Lately—like Tito before him—Khrushchev has discovered in his own way what Justice Brandeis used to call the curse of bigness, and is trying to enforce a sort of Sherman Act in Soviet Russia. But trust busting will do him or Communism little or no good. All the frantic changes in the political high command and in the organization of production come from the dread the Soviet leaders have of those who work for the trusts, no matter whether centralized or decentralized—the workers who make up the Soviet proletariat.

It was Karl Marx, of course, who spoke of the proletariat as the class that has nothing to lose but its chains, the expropriated purveyors of raw manpower destined to do away with the expropriator. Capitalism was the expropriator, and Marx compared it to a gravedigger digging his own grave.

The industrial West gave the lie to all these prophecies. But in the Communist countries capitalism was deliberately organized according to the pattern that Marx attributed to the West. There men really did become the tools of their machines, and both men and machines were run for the benefit of those who had unchecked control over them—Djilas's "new class" of party bosses.

There have already been several instances of proletarian revolution. One took place in Czechoslovakia when, on June 1, 1953, the workers started rioting at the Skoda Works. The same month East Berlin revolted. Then in June, 1956, came Poznan. Shortly after there was Hungary. In all these cases the proletariat rose and fought. The workers manned the barricades, and there was no marshal or former commissar to lead them.

The post-Stalin Soviet leaders are not at ease with and among themselves, for they are not at ease with their own people. True, the Russian workers have proved docile. Under Communism what a man produces counts much more than what he believes—and the system itself dulls a man's capacity to believe in anything. Yet things were set astir in Russia by no one but Khrushchev. Or maybe it was because things were astir that Khrushchev made his memorable speech.

When Hungary revolted, our country did not cover itself with glory. A few weeks later, the fear that Eastern Germany would go the way of Hungary reached panic proportions in Washington. The whole world knows by now that our government has no intention of "liberating" anybody. But what if the enslaved peoples start again to liberate themselves? Can our government offer the Soviet world a guaranty of internal *status quo*?

There is a spectre haunting Communism and no government can exorcise it. True to Marx's prophecy, these merciless rulers are digging their own or their best friends' graves. How long will it take before the final consummation, and how many attempts will these possessed men make to escape their fate? For we cannot forget that these gravediggers have more powerful tools at their disposal than pick and shovel.

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Yugoslavia: No Middle Ground

GEORGE BAILEY

"A LOT of what Djilas put into that book of his is just what Kardelj has been saying all along," I was told by a young party official in Belgrade a few weeks ago. There is obviously a wide gulf between Milovan Djilas and Edvard Kardelj. Djilas, a former vice-president of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia and the author of *The New Class,* was recently found guilty for the third time as an enemy of the Yugoslav state. Kardelj is still a vice-president and, since Djilas's fall, chief theorist of the Yugoslav Communist League. Nevertheless, there would seem to be some truth in the suggestion that many of the same ideas run through the writings of the two men.

"The new class," according to Djilas, "obtains its power, privileges, ideology, and its customs from one specific form of ownership—collective ownership—which the class administers and distributes in the name of the nation and society."

Kardelj has written that the Stalinists "treated the relationship between individual and collective interests by subordinating absolutely individual interests to collective interests—which in reality cease to be collective interests as soon as individual interests are excluded from them."

Of course, Kardelj persists in his faith—or desperate hope—that his country's special brand of Communism will manage to reconcile the interests of the individual with those of state-sponsored collectives. Kardelj seems to understand that collective ownership can provide the basis for a more complete exploitation of the working class than private ownership ever did. What he and his colleagues actually do to prevent the exploitation, how they avoid the dangers some of them have recognized—here lies the ultimate test of their régime.

It's No Worker's Paradise

In the hope of overcoming—or seeming to overcome—some of the basic contradictions of Communism, the Tito régime has introduced several changes in the economic and political life of Yugoslavia since 1953. For example, workers' councils have been set up to give the workers direct influence over the distribution of their produce and to cut them in on the "surplus profits" resulting from it. Nine-tenths of the country's agriculture has been decollectivized. Furthermore, Yugoslavs are now permitted to employ as many as four workers in business undertakings.

All these changes are part of a campaign to convince the Yugoslav worker or farmer that there is no necessary conflict between his personal well-being and the success of a state-sponsored collective economy. "Look about you and rejoice in your good fortune," the citizen is told, "because it all belongs to you."

Just how fortunate are the beneficiaries of these latter-day Marxist innovations? Wages of an unskilled worker may run as low as 7,000 to 9,000 dinars a month. At the official exchange rate this is the equivalent of $23.33 to $30, though it is difficult to render an accurate equivalent in terms of actual purchasing power. Of all consumer goods in Yugoslavia, food is the most reasonably priced,

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yet even so more than half of the average worker's salary goes for food alone.

Rents are ridiculously cheap. A three-room apartment in Belgrade may rent for as little as 2,300 dinars a month (less than eight dollars). But the problem is to find the apartment. The housing shortage in Yugoslavia is truly catastrophic. The population of Zagreb is nearly 400,000, with some 146,000 families, but there are only 96,000 homes for them to live in, many of them single-room affairs with makeshift cooking arrangements. Thus 50,000 families are lodged with relatives or friends or are billeted by the authorities with another family.

In the last two years the Yugoslav government has made something like a frontal attack on the housing problem, diverting more and more of its investment resources to housing construction. But this measure, like the general attempts to create more employment, can scarcely be considered progress when measured against the rapidly increasing population. Yugoslavia has the highest birth rate in Europe, and every year the number of unemployed workers is theoretically increased by thousands of young people as they become employable.

THE INCREASE must be called theoretical because every year thousands of Yugoslavs leave the country illegally as "economic refugees." People have been leaving the region for more than a century in the hope of improving their living standards. Tito himself failed to emigrate to the United States as a youth only because his father was a hundred dollars short of the required passage money.

In the last two years, to the consternation of Yugoslavia and its two western neighbors, Austria and Italy, the flow of illegal Yugoslav emigrants has increased by more than four hundred per cent. So far this year more than twelve thousand "economic refugees" from Yugoslavia have crossed into Austria alone. In the peak month of August, four thousand reported to Austrian authorities and requested asylum.

"Our young people are leaving," said the secretary of a collective farm in Dravograd on the Austrian border, "because they have nothing to look forward to. Oh, they can manage to live here all right. Food is fairly plentiful—this year's harvest is the best in years—but that is all they can do. There are no prospects of improvement." I asked him why. "As far as the farmers are concerned," he answered, "it's a vicious circle: We can't get adequate prices for our produce and the state tells us that prices won't be raised until we produce more."

"My wife and I are leaving next month," a young Serb told me in Zemun on the outskirts of Belgrade. How? "Through the woods into Austria. We were there two months ago, but they turned us back." He waved his big hands before my face. "Look," he said, "this is a rich country and we work hard. What do we get? Nothing! I make nine thousand

dinars a month. Do you know how much a suit costs? Thirty thousand. More than I make in three months!" I asked him what he thought about Djilas's book. "I don't think much of Djilas. It took him an awfully long time to find out what we knew ten years ago."

The number of those leaving the country as illegal emigrants may go as high as twenty thousand this year —most of them able-bodied young Slovenes and Croats from the regions bordering on Austria and Italy where Yugoslavia's heavy industry is concentrated. In order to prevent this important loss of manpower, the government is giving factory workers more favorable working conditions, higher wages, and better housing than farmers and other workers in the same areas.

Back to Feudalism

Tito's government has consistently concentrated its capital-investment program on industrialization in order to create "the basis for further development." After a number of false starts and falser finishes, dictated partly by the fortunes of international politics and partly by the confusion of revolutionary zeal, the stage of "further development" is just now coming into view. Yugoslavia is now producing its own refrigerators, automobiles (in affiliation with Fiat), and other consumer goods. More and more efforts are being made to raise the standard of living.

There can be no doubt that an appreciable amount of economic progress has been made in Yugoslavia, particularly in the last two years. What remains doubtful—and Kardelj has been the first to admit it —is whether progress will be rapid enough in the next few years to satisfy the population's increasing demands for consumer goods.

The Yugoslav Communist Party's economic and political departures from the orthodox Communist line have often produced results that have proved troublesome for the innovators. This is particularly true of the establishment of an "individual enterprise" sector in the economy. (The term "private enterprise" is unwelcome.) The craftsmen and professional men who are their own bosses and can hire as many as four workers are the envy of all those employed in collective sectors of the economy. For one thing, the income of an individual enterpriser often reaches and sometimes surpasses one thousand dinars a day—widely regarded as the amount one needs to live comfortably. The incentives supplied by consumer demands for goods and services have proved far greater than those dangled before the workers' councils in the form of sharing in surplus profits.

Matters have gone so far that collective enterprises very often hire individual craftsmen to fill quotas and meet deadlines for which their own workers lack the necessary wage incentives. Many workers in

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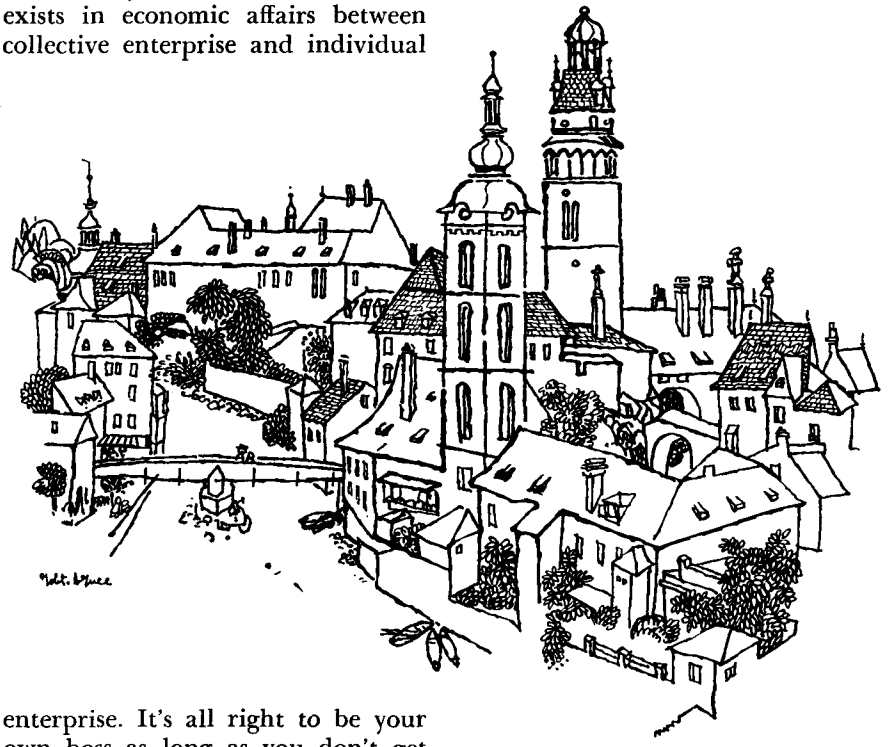
collectives supplement their salaries by taking a second and sometimes a third job in the individual-enterprise sector of the economy. This is not so difficult as it sounds, since Yugoslavia employs the "Mediterranean working day"—from 6 A.M. to 2 P.M. (7 A.M. to 3 P.M. in winter)—but it further complicates the serious unemployment problem.

WHEN THE Yugoslav government decentralized the economy in 1953, it tried to apportion administrative and managerial powers equally among the provincial party secretaries and the national directors-general of industry. As one party official put it, "We broke the central control of the state and created three hundred feudal barons." The result was not only that economic control is still "outside the immediate influence of the worker," in Kardelj's phrase, but that the all-powerful municipalities almost strangled the workers' councils. State planners are still struggling with the problem of decentralizing the decentralization, which is described as "not merely technical but involving the very roots of Communist theory." The fact that a solution has not yet been worked out accounts in large part for the postponement of the Seventh Party Congress from November of this year until next April.

The Freedom to Whisper

The Yugoslav attempt to overcome the basic contradiction of Communism has affected not only the nation's economy but also, to an even more marked degree, its political and intellectual life. A foreigner who visits Yugoslavia today and expects to find a Communist state on the pattern of Czechoslovakia or East Germany is taken aback by the apparently unlimited amount of personal freedom enjoyed by the Yugoslavs in conversation. One is not aware of any widespread system of informers; there does not seem to be much censorship—except for spot checks on international mail ("Drop us a line from anywhere except Spain"). Movement within Yugoslavia is unrestricted, although non-party members have great difficulty in obtaining passports. To a considerable degree, state control over private life has been and continues to be relaxed. This is another peculiar feature of the Yugoslav brand of Communism. Kardelj has repeatedly emphasized that "socialist relations" cannot be imposed from above but must be allowed to develop naturally from below.

A private Yugoslav citizen can say just about anything he pleases. Officials are generally more circumspect. Even when they let the bars down, they usually take the trouble to add the tag "in my personal opinion" to their statements. Yugoslavs have learned to draw a line between purely personal opinion and anything that might be interpreted as a public official statement. The distinction is very much like the one that exists in economic affairs between collective enterprise and individual enterprise. It's all right to be your own boss as long as you don't get more than a handful of people—only four—working for you. By the same token, it's all right to say what you think as long as you don't get together with people who share your thoughts and want to act accordingly. It all comes back once again to the fundamental contradiction between individual and collective ownership, in this case the ownership of ideas. In the economic field there is individual enterprise and socialized enterprise—but no middle ground. In the social, political, and cultural life of the nation there is individual opinion and socialized opinion—but no middle ground.



The relationship, or lack thereof, between individual and collective opinion in Yugoslavia was actually cited officially as the legal basis of the charge on which Djilas was tried. The public prosecutor stated in an interview with a *Tanjug* correspondent that the government "was not interested in the 'philosophical meditations' of the accused Djilas on Communism, or in what he thinks about the political and social order of our country. While these 'views' were in the head of the accused Djilas, in his manuscript and in his desk, there was no reason to start criminal proceedings. But when the manuscript was smuggled out . . . when the 'views' and 'meditations' were turned into deeds, criminal deeds of hostile propaganda, we had to initiate prosecution." In short, it was not technically the fact that Djilas had criticized Communism that led to his downfall; but he could not be allowed to go unpunished when he crossed into no man's land by attempting to persuade others that his private opinion should become public opinion.

INEVITABLY, Djilas's trial was compared with Tito's trial in prewar monarchist Yugoslavia, which has been described in some detail in former Central Committeeman Vladimir Dedijer's *Tito Speaks*. No

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one missed the essential difference involved. Tito's trial was open to the public and he made effective propaganda use of his right to speak in his own defense. Moreover, Tito received full and even sympathetic coverage from the bourgeois press. The government didn't want to take any chances with Djilas, and so it denied him the right to a public trial. Three correspondents—among them Elie Abel of the New York *Times*—were barred from attending even the beginning of the trial, which was otherwise open to correspondents and selected representatives of the Yugoslav public.

A number of western Socialists, notably Barbara Castle of the British Labour Party, expressed the opinion that Yugoslavia could best disprove Djilas's thesis by letting the book circulate and sparing its author. It is not difficult to see why the dialecticians of the Yugoslav régime could not possibly follow this suggestion.

ONCE a prominent citizen's private opinion has been given public expression in a Communist country, it is inevitably received in other Communist countries—especially Russia—as the whole public's opinion; that is, as an official, or at least an officially sanctioned, statement.

It was rumored in Belgrade for a while last summer that the party leadership had at first favored a Yugoslav edition of *The New Class*, chaperoned by a debunking preface—perhaps written by Kardelj. But the party leadership cannot have considered such a step very long or very seriously. As the book became more and more widely discussed abroad, it seemed obvious that the government would have to make its position clear.

But that in itself presented a tricky problem. It was necessary to strike a rather fine balance: to appease the Soviets and give a warning example for home consumption on the one hand without giving too much offense to liberal-Socialist opinion in the West on the other. As it turned out, the Yugoslav government chose to go farthest in appeasing the Soviet. The Djilas trial called forth a storm of protest from the West. At its party congress in Brighton, the executive council of the British Labour Party passed a unanimous resolution condemning the trial; the Socialist International, meeting in London, passed a similar resolution; the Socialist Parties of Scandinavia transmitted formal protests to the Yugoslav government.

A number of Yugoslav politicians are now convinced that the government has made a mistake and that some effort might be required to redress the balance. In any event, few people in Yugoslavia, whether for or against Djilas, are happy about the trial. There is at least some recognition of the fact that Djilas has called the Yugoslav Communist Party's democratic bluff—for that party likes to be considered democratic, or at the very least to be on its way toward democracy.

A number of fairly harsh realities are facing the harassed leaders of Yugoslavia these days. It has always been a basic tenet of Yugoslav policy that it is much safer to flout the West than to antagonize the East. For this reason Belgrade was actually surprised at West Germany's decision to sever diplomatic relations when Yugoslavia recognized East Germany. Close attention is also being paid to the far from agonizing reappraisal that is going on in the minds of American officials concerning the continuance of U.S. aid to Yugoslavia.

TOWARD the end of my trip I asked a university student what he thought about Djilas. "Oh, Djilas is very popular here at the university," he told me. "He is a very brave man." I asked if the students had discussed the Djilas trial. "Yes," he answered, "among ourselves. Most of us are for Djilas, although nobody has seen his book or knows much about it."

Most of the people I talked to in Yugoslavia said that they agreed with Djilas. Of course, there is no way of telling how representative these people really are. When a government adopts a policy of refusing to let private opinion organize itself into public opinion, that government has no way of knowing what its citizens think or how deeply they feel on any issue. This must be the cause of some worry to the Yugoslav leaders—and particularly to Kardelj, who accused the Stalinist Rákosi-Gerö régime in Hungary of having lost contact with the people.

I asked a Yugoslav official if he thought there was any way for Communism to bridge the gap between the interests of the individual and the interests of a government-managed society.

"In my personal opinion," he answered with a smile, "in my *personal* opinion, you understand—no."

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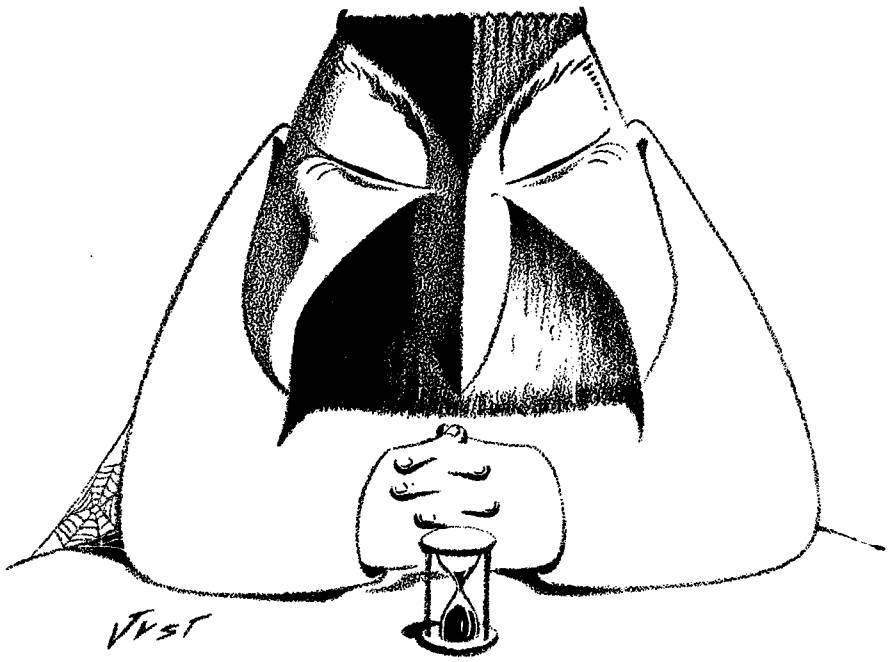

Did Zhukov Carry De-Stalinization Too Far?

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

WITHIN a few hours of his return to Moscow from a journey to Yugoslavia and Albania, Marshal Zhukov was dismissed as minister of defense in a humiliating and insulting fashion. This affront to the famous soldier has certainly caused resentment among his many followers in the Soviet officers' corps, where there is great opposition to a return to Stalinist methods of party control over the army. It remains to be seen whether the marshal and his adherents must bow to defeat or whether they can fight back with any chance of success. The Zhukov affair indicates that relations between the party and the military officers' corps, or at least an important section of it, continue to be tense.

Several questions arise in this connection: What has been the background to the conflict between Khrushchev and Zhukov? What are the specific issues over which they have fallen out? How far can the army, that is, the officers' corps, be regarded as an entity holding the same political views?

The major issue that has divided Zhukov and Khrushchev concerns the scope and method of de-Stalinization. The ex-minister of defense has favored a much more radical approach to this problem than that which the first secretary of the Communist Party has been willing to adopt. Although during the session of the Central Committee early last July both men acted together against Molotov and Kaganovich, the leaders of the Stalinist die-hards, the fact that there were quite a few differences between Khrushchev and Zhukov had already become apparent.

According to some reports from Moscow, the marshal made at that time a number of new revelations about the Stalin era which greatly embarrassed Khrushchev. He had obtained from the archives various letters that Zinoviev, Bukharin, and Kamenev had in their time addressed to the Politburo and the central committee; he read out these letters in full session, thus posing anew the question of the rehabilitation of the leaders of the old anti-Stalinist oppositions and other victims of the Stalinist purges. He intended this as a blow at Molotov and Kaganovich, but he went much farther than Khrushchev wished him to go.

Then, in the middle of July, while Khrushchev and Bulganin were touring Czechoslovakia, Marshal Zhukov took an important political initiative designed to force their hands. He addressed a large public meeting in Leningrad, about which only enigmatic and embarrassed hints appeared in *Pravda*. He demanded that full light should be thrown on the whole thirty years' record of Stalinist misrule and, in particular, that those who were officially responsible for conducting the great purges of the 1930's should be brought to trial.

Molotov, who two decades ago held the office of Soviet prime minister, appeared to be the chief culprit. But there were others involved too. Marshal Voroshilov, the present head of the state, could not disclaim responsibility. It was he who officially presided over the military tribunal that sentenced Marshal Tukhachevsky and many other Soviet generals to death, and the officers' corps has neither forgotten nor forgiven him for this.

But far more important, Khrushchev himself could not disclaim his share of guilt, for as the boss of the Ukraine and then as the secretary of the party organization in Moscow, he had played a not negligible part in conducting the purges. The marshal's speech was therefore a bombshell designed to undermine Khrushchev's position.

A Hero Tells of His Heroism

For yet another reason Zhukov's appearance in Leningrad was a challenge to the party secretary. It was, as I wrote in *The Reporter* of August 8, "more than an ordinary event; it was a dramatic opening of what looks like Zhukov's bid for leadership, a test of his popularity in the country." He was received with far greater acclaim than had been given to any of Stalin's successors, including Khrushchev. He

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was celebrated as the commander of Leningrad's heroic defense in the last war, and in a manner most unusual for a Soviet general he extolled his own record in the epic. Khrushchev sensed the threat of a "Bonapartist" coup in the marshal's moves, and suspected Zhukov's motives all the more because Zhukov appeared to have taken advantage of Khrushchev's absence from the country.

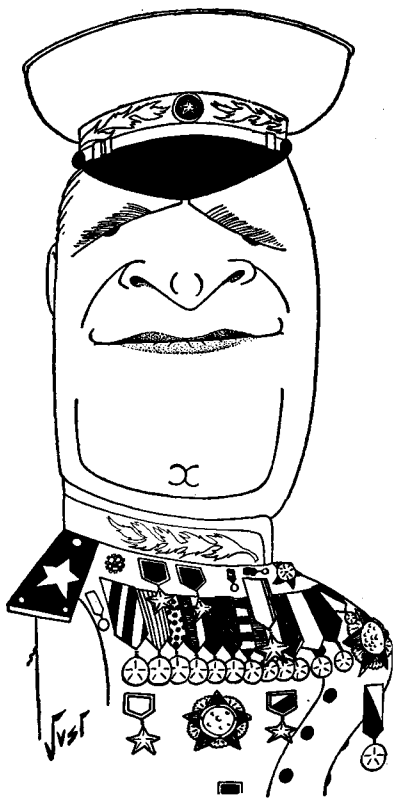
On his return to Moscow, Khrushchev had to deal with the consequences of these events. At the same time, further differences developed. Having defeated Molotov and Kaganovich, Khrushchev did what Stalin had often done in struggles against rivals: He tried to steal the thunder from his defeated opponents.

Having charged Molotov and Kaganovich with obstructing Soviet attempts to conciliate the West and to secure peace, Khrushchev himself adopted a tough line in foreign policy and spoke in a voice that sounded almost like Molotov's. He called a halt to de-Stalinization in domestic policy as well. He revived something of the Zhdanov line in strictures on writers, artists, and historians. Zhukov, who had backed Khrushchev against Molotov, was in no mood to go on supporting him when he began to speak in Molotov's voice.

THESE WERE the reasons that impelled Khrushchev to turn against the marshal. He paid him tit for tat; and just as Zhukov had made his moves while Khrushchev was abroad, so Khrushchev engineered the coup against Zhukov while the latter was in Belgrade and Tirana.

The moment for the showdown has been shrewdly chosen for another reason: Soviet opinion is thrilled with the launching of the Sputnik, the prestige of government and party leadership stands at the moment as high as ever, and the mood of the country does not favor any opposition. On the other hand, Zhukov's popularity in the country stands much higher than Khrushchev's.

Thus the political balance is far from stable. Since Beria's fall and the degradation of the political police, Khrushchev has been dependent on the army's support. This has been a most uncomfortable position for him. For some months now, reports from the Soviet Union have indicated that he has been trying to boost the political police and to give back some of the power taken from it. These attempts have apparently not yet gone far, nor have they, so far as they've gone, been very successful.



People are no longer as easily intimidated as they used to be, and the marshals and generals have not been greatly impressed by the threat of a revival of the old terror. Consequently, Khrushchev has acted against Zhukov not so much with the help of the political police as with the aid of some of Zhukov's rivals in the army itself.

The Problems of a Pretender

The officers' corps, too, has been divided over the issues that have agitated the party leaders. While Zhukov and his associates, representing an "old Bolshevik" group in the officers' corps, have pressed for the abolition of the Stalinist type of party control over the army and for more rational methods in domestic and foreign policies, another group, led mainly by Marshal Vasilevsky, has been more or less opposed to "liberalization" at home and has represented a markedly chauvinistic and unconciliatory attitude in foreign policy. It is to this group of marshals and generals that Khrushchev has appealed for support against Zhukov.

He has not dared, however, to bring back to power Marshal Vasilevsky, the former minister of defense and next to Zhukov the most important military figure, because Vasilevsky has been discredited by his intimate association with Stalin's policies in Stalin's last years.

Instead, Marshal Malinovsky has been placed at the head of the ministry of defense. Although Malinovsky is politically colorless, he seems to have stood closer to Vasilevsky than to Zhukov.

Khrushchev evidently aims at achieving personal power as Stalin's real, if "moderate," successor. Yet it is too early to assume that he has already achieved this. His position is much weaker than Stalin's was. For one thing, age is against him. Stalin was in his forties when he entered into the contest for power; Khrushchev is in his early sixties. It took Stalin a long time, about fifteen years and many bloody struggles, before he was able to defeat and eliminate his rivals. Khrushchev hasn't that much time at his disposal.

MORE IMPORTANT, of course, are the differences in the social and political background within the Soviet Union.

The U.S.S.R. of the late 1950's is not the same as the U.S.S.R. of the late 1920's. The ferment in society, the craving for freedom, the disgust with Stalinist methods—a disgust Khrushchev himself had done so much to inspire—all make it very difficult for any pretender to fill the vacancy that was created by Stalin's death. •

Meanwhile, Zhukov's dismissal may have its effects in foreign policy. The chauvinistic element in the officers' corps appears to be strengthened, and this may already have influenced the Soviet behavior over the Syrian-Turkish crisis—a behavior that reflects the fresh rise in confidence caused by the Soviet lead in developing ballistic missiles.

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Russia:

The Scientific Elite

PATRICIA BLAKE

On a Saturday night in 1956, in the packed auditorium of the student clubhouse at Moscow University, I witnessed a jolly little skit on rocket research. On stage were some science students seated around a table in a "rocket lab," discussing plans for a forthcoming trip to Mars. A huge sign announced the daily work schedule of the rocket scholars: "9:30 A.M. Get up. 10: Breakfast. 10:30: Snooze. Snack. 11:30: Nap. 12: Tea. 12:30: Siesta," etc. A student wearing a felt hat and carrying a suitcase entered hurriedly. "I strongly advise all of you," he said, "to prepare political speeches to be made on top of a mountain on Mars." "Why?" asked the others. "There won't be an audience!" "What's the difference?" answered the newcomer. "Last month on a mountain-climbing expedition, a group of geologists made sixteen political speeches on a mountaintop." (*Laughter*) Next, a Radio Moscow correspondent bounced in with a mike to report on the students' activities. He explained to his radio audience that a new required subject had been introduced at the university, as a result of important research. The subject: "Marsism." (*Laughter*)

The final scene found the students on Mars itself, standing at attention in front of the rocket. The student with the felt hat and the valise was making a speech: "Comrades! Such a rocket could only have been born of the great Marxist-Leninist doctrines . . . " (*Laughter*)

This skit was my introduction to Russian university life. I remember my amazement at hearing Soviet citizens poke fun at the mumbo-jumbo of Marxism so lightheartedly. I had assumed that the police state precluded anyone from making jokes at the expense of the *régime*, and that indeed intellectual freedom of any kind was impossible under Soviet dictatorship.

But after two months as a reporter in Russia, visiting universities and technological institutes, I began to wonder whether something even more crucial than the vast state organization of technology was contributing to the Soviets' formidable scientific achievements. Within the framework of a mass educational system almost entirely geared to technology, I encountered young scientists working with superb individual dedication, not to ideology but to science itself. I saw them enjoying extraordinary privileges and rewards. Most importantly, I found that they were possessed of a freedom that scarcely exists in Soviet Russia outside the campus and the laboratory.

Boris and Oksana

Consider the Smirnovs, two young physicists, members of the Soviet scientific elite—a group composed of half a million students and five and a half million alumni of institutions of technological higher education. We first met at the clubhouse during the skit on rocket research. Twenty-three-year-old Boris, who speaks fair English, helped me out when my faltering, bookish Russian failed to cope with modern slang. During the show, Boris and his twenty-one-year-old bride, Oksana, held hands while they laughed at the jokes. Next day they showed me around the university.

Although they could have shared a small suite—the dormitory lodges men and women—the newlywed Boris and Oksana have chosen to live separately. Boris shares two private bedrooms, a foyer, and a bathroom with a Czech physicist who is with him in the senior class. When I twitted Boris about this monastic arrangement he was not amused. "It's more convenient this way. We don't distract each other this way. Oksana and I are in different classes. Karel and I study together," he said dryly, pointing to a desk strewn with books.

Oksana shares a similar suite with a girl physicist on another floor. I was relieved to find that her bedroom was decorated with hand-embroidered pillows, costume dolls, painted boxes, and pictures of family and friends. As Oksana lovingly identified her parents for me in a photograph, it struck me that this round-faced peasant girl, with her waist-long pigtail, would look more at home stirring borsch in her native village in the Ukraine than tracking atoms in a cloud chamber. Yet later that day on a tour of the physics labs, she displayed boundless confidence and pride as she explained the workings of the demonstrative apparatus.

In their living quarters and on campus, the Smirnovs can consider themselves well off by Soviet standards. While most Russians in urban areas live in communal apartments with four people cooped up in a single room, the Smirnovs each have a pleasant bedroom for which they pay a nominal rent of twenty-five rubles ($2.50) a month out of the stipends or salaries they receive as students. Ninety-seven per cent of the sixteen thousand full-time students at the university receive salaries, and there are no tuition fees. Boris, being at the top of his class, recently received a twenty-five per cent raise on his stipend of 4,800 rubles a year, and he earns 1,500 rubles a month during the four summer months he works as a paid laboratory assistant. Oksana earns a little less; between them, their yearly income for getting an education comes to 20,000 rubles ($2,000) a year, tax free. Besides their room rent and food, which they buy at low cost at the university state store, they have few expenses.

No wonder the Smirnovs rarely venture off the university campus on Lenin Hills overlooking Moscow with its wretchedly crowded, squalid tenements. Even the palaces and entertainments of Moscow have little attaction for them. Their university is a Soviet-style palace, a fantastic complex of twenty-seven buildings containing enough unfunctional waste space to delight the most extravagant Czar. The Smirnovs walk

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to their classes up velvet-carpeted stairways, past huge mosaic murals and golden statues, through miles of marble-columned corridors and lobbies that have a comfortable smell of cabbage being cooked in the dormitory kitchens upstairs.

As for entertainment, not even Party Chief Khrushchev, who has the old imperial box at the Bolshoi Theatre always in readiness for his pleasure, is as royally entertained as the Smirnovs. Moscow's best repertory theaters, symphonic groups, and opera and ballet companies perform regularly in the tremendous university auditorium beneath glittering crystal chandeliers. While five million people must stand in interminable queues for tickets at Moscow's fifty-one movie houses, students can see the latest movies every night at the university. While Moscow has only a few prohibitively expensive restaurants where top bureaucrats, military men, and their wives can afford to dance to a band, students can dance every Saturday night to professional orchestras in any of several university ballrooms.

A Brilliant Future

These privileges and luxuries naturally delight the Smirnovs, yet somehow they do not seem quite comfortable among all the trappings the government has provided to keep them happy. They look like sturdy peasants; their ill-fitting clothes resemble those of ordinary workers; they still feel, they insisted, like proletarians. Deeply attached to their working-class parents, they may feel a little guilty not to be able to share their good fortune with their families and friends back home. Boris's father is a worker in a ball-bearing plant in Kuibyshev, Oksana's a collective farmer near Dnepropetrovsk. Life in these gray provincial towns offers little opportunity for material and intellectual advancement, except for the outstandingly gifted, like the Smirnovs, who are goaded and encouraged by their teachers from their earliest school years. Although the Smirnovs know they will never again experience the fears, the hardships, and the hopeless hard labor which is the destiny of their relatives, the contradiction between the modern education they enjoy and the obsolete economic and political system endured by the great majority of Russians is too flagrant for comfort.

There is no doubt that education in the Soviet Union brings with it great material advantages. To an American, it would seem at first glance that the Smirnovs' stake in the preservation of the Soviet system is tremendous. If they become important scientists they can even expect a seven-week vacation, a car and chauffeur, and a country house. Yet Boris and Oksana, like most educated young Russians, seem notably less materialistic than Americans of their age. For them, today's privileges and tomorrow's rewards pale before the marvelous challenge of science. Boris shrugs his shoulders at talk of chauffeurs and *dachas*; the present is much more exciting.

ONE AFTERNOON Boris brought great news: He had just been assigned to a prize apprenticeship for the next year at the atomic-research center at Dubna, about eighty miles from Moscow. "Imagine!" he almost shouted. "It's the greatest honor one can think of! I will be working right under Vladimir Veksler, the inventor of the synchrotron. You know the synchrotron at Dubna is the biggest and most powerful in the world." Boris was right: For a young theoretical physicist, it was a high honor indeed.

Oksana was less enthusiastic about Boris's coming assignment when I discussed it with her a few days later. She had obviously been crying, and even Boris looked glum. She sounded miserable at the prospect of a long separation from her handsome husband, honorable as it might be. She has three years to go at the university, and after that is slated to become a secondary-school teacher. "Who needs a physics teacher at Dubna?" she joked feebly.

The Price Is High

The trouble is, of course, that the Smirnovs' intelligence, skill, and youthful spirit are being exploited to the limit by the state, and that their personal lives are being seriously disrupted.

After they graduate the state requires that they spend three years at jobs assigned to them whether they like them or not. They may find themselves separated for a long time. Meanwhile the university demands an average of twenty-eight hours of classroom and lab work a week, plus long hours of study. When their schedule permits they grab a meal together and, late at night, Boris slips into Oksana's room.

Besides these personal problems, the Smirnovs have one outstanding complaint. It came out one day at a lunch Oksana served hurriedly in her room. The conversation began blandly enough. Oksana was telling me how tough it is to enter Moscow University, which is the most glamorous and reputedly the best of all Russia's universities. In their entrance examinations, the Smirnovs had to compete against hordes of applicants, especially in the field of physics, the most popular department. Morever they had to compete with students from the "peoples' democracies" since ten per cent of the university's 10,500 science students are picked from satellite countries and China.

Boris broke into our conversation. He spoke angrily about some of his classmates who, he said, had entered the university through pull. They are members of another elite: future bureaucrats who will inherit the power and wealth of their fathers in the Communist Party, the MVD, etc. *"Sukiny deti!"* ("sons of bitches!"), exploded Boris. "They don't bother with the sciences; they go in for the humanities, write snap theses on socialist-realist tradition in North Korean poetry, and, five years from now, they'll be standing on platforms, talking my ears off about the need for hard work and self-sacrifice."

The Smirnovs, I learned, have no plans to join the ranks of Russia's seven million Communist Party members. Indeed, they are not at all given to spouting the jargon of Marxism or Soviet chauvinism. Boris's bookshelves exhibit no ideological treatises but a great number of technical works, many by American physicists, together with novels, plays, and poetry by Tolstoy, Chekhov, Pushkin—and Longfellow. Oksana recites long Pushkin poems, in her strong Ukrainian accent, at the slightest provocation. In fact, the liberal humanism of the nineteenth-century authors the Smirnovs so pas-

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sionately admire seems closer to them than the revolutionary ardor of the Bolsheviks of the 1920's.

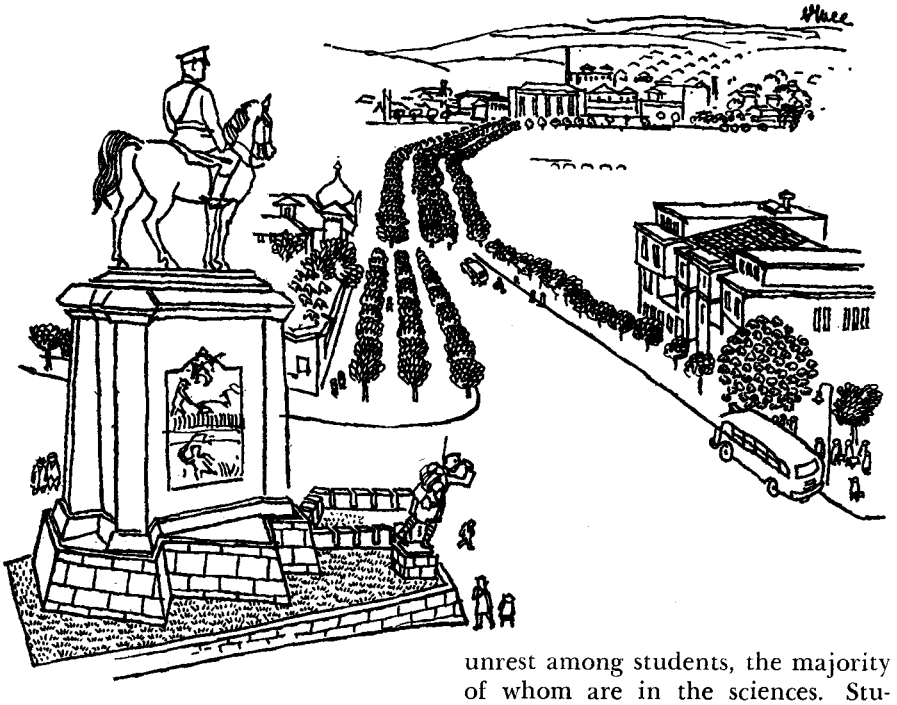
Science and the Régime

What do the Smirnovs think about politics in science? Boris and I had a heated discussion one day on top of Lenin Hills, once Sparrow Hills, where Napoleon is said to have waited in vain for the boyars to surrender Moscow. I got some sticky questions off my chest. How did he feel about the purges of writers, economists, historians, and scientists who strayed from the party line? "I can't speak about our writers, economists, and historians. I don't read them much anyway," Boris answered, cautiously at first. "But I can tell you that we are in the first ranks of world science. We work freely now, and if we don't agree with some stupid policy, we speak up."

Well, what did he think about Lysenko, who virtually destroyed the science of genetics in Russia in the name of Marxism? "Lysenko is pretty much discredited now, thank heavens. Some people say his theories were so bad, Stalin must have written them himself," he chortled. "Marxism? You see, it's like this. When our Russian peasants make a big pot of soup with meat and vegetables, the fat rises to the surface as it cools. Now we scientists in Russia are like the peasants; we just scrape off the fat and dig into the soup."

I persisted. What about his country's official rejection of the theory of relativity? For the first time in our very friendly talks I heard Boris express anger at America. "All good Russian physicists have accepted most of Einstein's discoveries, just as yours have. Einstein! We are told that he was persecuted in America for being a fighter for peace. And what about your Oppenheimer? I know his work; I read everything in your journals. He's a fine scientist and you wouldn't let him work for you because he had independent ideas! Let me tell you about our physicist Kapitsa. I've heard he refused to work on atomic weapons for moral reasons. I'm not saying I agree with him, you understand, but he challenged Stalin during a difficult time in our country, and got away with it. Stalin only put him under house arrest, and right now he's head of the Institute for Physical Problems, working on low-temperature physics—nothing to do with bombs."

Boris uttered these heresies fearlessly. He knows that today the scientist is indispensable to the Soviet state. He may also sense that tomorrow, as the state becomes increasingly dependent on technology to maintain itself as a world power, the Kremlin will be unable to make vital policy decisions without the cooperation of people like himself. Already, top scientists like Peter Kapitsa and Igor Tamm, neither of them Communist Party members, have enough authority to openly oppose government policy. Kapitsa, recently credited for his part in the development of Sputnik, warned in *Pravda* this year that Khrushchev's plan to decentralize industry might seriously weaken industrial research. Tamm, an eminent nuclear physicist, challenged political control of scientific research and succeeded in restoring to the Academy of Sciences, composed of the four hundred top scientists, some of the policy-making powers it had lost to the state.



As I LISTENED to Boris and other members of the post-Stalin generation of students, I wondered whether they might not become increasingly concerned with politics as they grew older and, if so, whether the Kremlin could easily disregard their political attitudes and demands. In granting scientists the freedom of inquiry necessary to the progress of science, the Kremlin has clearly taken a calculated risk. It cynically hopes that rewards and privileges will keep their inquiring minds on satellites, ICBMs, and hydrogen bombs. So far the risk has paid off, but the Kremlin shows signs of being worried about its scientific elite. The official press does not conceal that there is some unrest among students, the majority of whom are in the sciences. Students are shunning required courses in Marxism and have brazenly posted BBC and Voice of America news broadcasts on dormitory bulletin boards. Communist Party propagandists are repeatedly called upon to organize student meetings and pep talks to bring students into the fold. During the Polish and Hungarian revolts last year severe measures were taken to prevent demonstrations of sympathy by Russian students. Despite and largely because of the education offered them, young scientists are obviously beginning to question "truths" deduced from Communist ideology.

"Education is a weapon whose effect depends on who holds it in his hands and at whom it is aimed," was Stalin's sinister comment to H. G. Wells. If we live long enough, we may yet see that weapon change hands—and target.

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China: A Brief Flowering of Dissent

DAVID HOTHAM

THE RECTIFICATION CAMPAIGN that started at the end of April swept through China like a typhoon. Out of the blue came a Communist Party directive which declared bluntly that the party cadres were becoming increasingly bureaucratic and arrogant in their behavior and that they were out of touch with the masses. This must be put right at once, said the party, and it went on to invite criticism from all and sundry, with a promise of impunity for the critics. The new campaign, the directive announced in the delightfully poetic style that characterizes Chinese political pronunciamentos, was "to be carried out seriously, but as gently as a breeze or mild rain."

Whether the party leaders expected the huge volume of criticism that followed will probably never be known. Certainly foreign observers in Peking were taken aback by it. All over the country those who had smarted for eight years under the ignorant and high-handed interference of party members in technical matters they knew little about seized the opportunity to voice their rancor. A professor at Peking University declared, believe it or not, that the Communist Party was hated throughout China and that one day soon the masses would "rise up and kill" the party members. A minister in the government said that China was "a country of five hundred million slaves ruled over by one god and ten million Puritans." More astonishing still, neither the professor nor the minister was arrested or purged, or, so far as I have heard, even forced to resign.

POSSIBLY they were simply considered harmless and isolated madmen. Or perhaps they were decoys, deliberately put up by the party to induce the real enemies of the régime to expose themselves. Observers in Peking, watching the process with growing fascination, were unable to figure it out. Throughout May, abuse of the party continued to pour in. A great deal of it arose from the natural irritation felt by an essentially practical and skeptical people toward dogma and bureaucracy. There is reason to suppose that up to this point, though very far from being as gentle as a breeze or mild rain, the Rectification Campaign had run more or less the course expected by the leaders. It had brought out a number of genuine grievances that might have become dangerous if they had remained concealed. And though the Politburo was doubtless staggered by the volume of abuse, it was not yet perturbed by its nature.

The Campaign Gets Out of Hand

As time went on, however, the critics became emboldened by the apparent liberality of the rulers and misled as to the degree of freedom likely to be permitted under a Communist system. The tone of criticism began to change, and here, it seems, the campaign got out of hand. Some critics, later to be known throughout China as "bourgeois rightists," went far beyond mere abuse of the party members or their behavior. They began to question the essential structure of the Communist system. Included in their ranks were three ministers in the Chinese government, several prominent journalists, some leading intellectuals, writers, and artists, and, amazingly, some members of the party itself. The three main figures among the rightists were Minister of Communications Chang Po-chun, Minister of the Timber Industry Lo Lung-chi, and Minister of Food Chang Nai-chi.

It is significant that most of the leading rightists had lived abroad or had some contact with western ideas. They apparently felt that they were neither unpatriotic Chinese nor even bad Communists in asserting that it should be possible to introduce genuine intellectual freedom into a Communist régime. The events of last summer would seem to have gone a long way toward proving the falsity of their assertion.

What the rightists proposed, boldly or perhaps foolhardily, was that the Communist Party should no longer monopolize power in China. They suggested that the other political parties (of which there are no less than eight) should share the power instead of continuing as mere ciphers. They went so far as to propose that the non-Communist parties should participate in some sort of coalition government, and advocated parliamentary debate on western lines. They suggested that cases of imprisoned "counter-revolutionaries" should be reviewed by an impartial commission composed of all nine political parties instead of by the Communist Party alone, thus making it clear that they did not trust the Communist Party to be both judge and advocate in its own cause.

Western observers have been so engrossed with the crushing reaction of the Communist Party against the rightists that they have forgotten or undervalued the astonishing fact that such propositions were put forward at all in a Communist country. The theory that all the rightists were decoys or madmen is hardly tenable. There were too many of them to be accounted for entirely in this way. It seems more likely that the critics were simply misled by the apparent liberalism of the two celebrated "secret" speeches made by Mao Tse-tung on February 27 and March 12. Both were made to large and representative audiences of intellectuals in Peking, which included most of the subsequent rightists.

What Follows Extermination?

Mao's now well-known theme was "The correct handling of contradictions among the people." Taking the line that by 1956 the worst enemies of the régime had been exterminated, he announced that "the main force of counter-revolution has been rooted out." A radical change of policy was thus permissible. Mao's theory was that the period of contradictions "between the people and the enemy" ("antagonistic" contradictions) required compulsion and terror for their solution. This period, he said, had ended. The

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problems that remained were "non-antagonistic" contradictions "among the people." These included such phenomena as riots in the collectives, strikes in the factories, unrest among the intellectuals, bad planning, and bureaucracy. Such troubles, declared Mao, should be dealt with not by force but by persuasion and reason. Terror could be laid aside. On the face of it, Mao's theory of "contradictions among the people" was a Marxist rationalization of a policy of relative toleration.

An Author Revises His Text

All the private conversations I had in Peking, both with Chinese and with foreign observers, tended to confirm that Mao's speeches conveyed to those who heard them an impression of liberalism that made them forget the terror of the régime's early years. There were wishful thinkers who hoped that the Rectification Campaign was a genuine movement toward greater freedom in China. Others remained skeptical, prophesying that reaction would follow. The latter proved right—up to a point. Toward the beginning of June a massive counteroffensive was launched against the rightists, originated by the party leaders and disseminated in a bewilderingly short time by the mass organizations and street committees throughout the whole of China. Under the pressure of events the Rectification Campaign completely altered course. What had begun as an attempt by the party to improve its relationship with the masses had changed into a nation-wide movement to correct a deep-seated ideological deviation.

On June 18, Mao Tse-tung's first secret speech of February 27 was published. It revealed clearly how much the rightist crisis had preoccupied the leaders. An introductory note says: "The author has gone over his speech and made certain additions." These were obviously inserted in the light of the rightist deviation. It is almost certain that the six "criteria" that come toward the end of the printed text were among them. These criteria defined the limits of freedom of speech and action in China, and not only told the people how far they could go but told the rightists plainly that they had already gone too far. Too long

Mao Tse-tung

to quote in full, the criteria can be boiled down to "Thou shalt not challenge the power of the Communist Party." In view of the hundreds of millions whom the order would affect, they can be accounted among the most important additions an author ever made to his text. The belatedly inserted six "criteria" basically alter the whole meaning of the text.

THEIR PURPOSE was clear enough. The "liberal" line of the spoken speech had proved too dangerous. There was no telling, what with economic troubles and the consequences of the worst harvest in living memory just beginning to be felt, how far the newly aroused rightism might go. The terrifying prospect of a Chinese Hungary had made the party leaders think again. Perhaps, after all, the rightists had a following in the country. The Communists had never been more than a small minority in China. There had been riots in the collectives, strikes in the factories. Hundreds of thousands of peasants had left the farms and flooded into the cities to better their still miserable living standards. The nation had exhausted its reserves in straining to fulfill the too-ambitious targets of the first Five-Year Plan. The intellectuals were restive, the students out of hand. Drastic action was needed.

The importance the leaders attached to ideology can be measured by the intensity of the campaign against the rightists in which the masses throughout China were rapidly mobilized to fight deviationism. The pressure on recalcitrants can be gauged from the fact that as early as July all three rightist ministers and many other rightists along with them confessed their "errors" in more or less abject terms to the National People's Congress, which is the Chinese "parliament." This was only two months after they had first expressed the views they now retracted.

The man who resisted the pressure longest was Chang Nai-chi, the food minister, whose self-criticism was officially regarded as "insincere." In the end even he said: "In future I promise to try to master my individual thoughts, and I ask the people to help me do so"—a revelation of the peculiar position an intelligent man can find himself in under Communism.

It is difficult for us to conceive the pressures exerted on the rightists. While the anti-rightist movement was at its height, a professor in Shanghai is said to have received no less than three thousand visits from friends trying to persuade him to change his opinion. It is said that he spent evening after evening in the old French Club in Shanghai writing and rewriting draft confessions, while his comrades sat around advising him. The pressure to conform is presumably not pure terror, which is kept in the background today. It is rather a mixture of fear and the sheer reasonableness of friends' arguments.

Many of the professor's friends probably argued in this fashion: "You have misjudged the situation. You are a patriotic Chinese. China needs a strong government. The Communists, with all their unpleasant features, are the ones who kicked the foreigners out of our country, and are doing more for China than any government in its history. To oppose them will bring China back into chaos. Why should you, for the selfish reason that you don't have complete freedom of expression just now, obstruct the regeneration of our country and the raising of the standard of living of the masses who

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are so much poorer than yourself?" After weeks or even months of this, with no access to other ideas or contrary arguments, our professor will probably give in and begin writing his *autocritique*.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that the rightists did have a following among the discontented intellectuals and students, or otherwise the party would not have felt it necessary to mount so formidable a campaign against them, a campaign that is still going on. During the last few months numerous arrests and even executions of "counter-revolutionaries" have been reported by the Communists themselves from outlying parts of China. If they are authentic, it seems odd that the Communists should report them, thereby providing excellent material for western propaganda. If they are not, what is the point? Are they perhaps for internal consumption, to buttress the anti-rightist sweep inside the country? At best, the reports are mystifying.

It is perfectly clear, however, that China has passed through a major political crisis during these last months. One top leader in Peking spoke of it as "a life-and-death struggle for the nation." There were rumors in August that Mao Tse-tung had offered to resign, and that there was a serious rift in the Politburo over the policy to be adopted toward the rightists. There has been no confirmation of these rumors, but their very existence is unusual. The Chinese leaders have stuck together since the 1920's. Current talk in Peking attributes the "liberal" trend in Chinese policy, from which sprang the speech in which Mao said "Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred schools of thought contend," to Mao himself. Liu Shao-chi and Chou En-lai, the other two members of China's triumvirate, are said to be opposed to this trend, the dangerous consequences of which have already become apparent. They are said to favor a return to a tougher line. There is nothing to go on but political gossip, yet it is reasonable to assume that the present policy, one of outright condemnation of rightism but relative tolerance toward the rightists themselves, represents a compromise between the factions.

As a measure of the intensity of the anti-rightist movement, it is perhaps worth citing a personal experience. I spent a month in Peking this summer. I persistently tried to get interviews with leading intellectuals. I asked to visit Peking University. I tried to talk with scientists, artists, and writers. I asked to see schools. With the exception of one conversation with a poet, a safe member of the Communist Party (which I got only after much persistence), all my requests were refused. I have since been told by journalists who visited China at other times that my experience was unusual. I can only assume that the situation of the intellectuals was so delicate, the ideological campaign in which they were involved so intense, that the authorities dared not let them speak with a western journalist. It is not impossible that this same consideration lay behind the Chinese refusal of entry visas to American newsmen. It was not merely the intransigence of Mr. Dulles; it was reluctance to admit prying eyes at a delicate moment.

The Lesson of Hungary

Unrest in China this summer was mainly the result of economic crisis and relative relaxation. Here the pattern followed that of the European satellites. But it is quite wrong to leap to the conclusion, as some have done in Taipei and Washington, that China is on the verge of becoming a new Hungary. Not one reliable person I spoke to during ten weeks in China thought that the régime was seriously endangered by recent events. One of the most acute observers said: "I believe the Chinese acted to avoid the conditions that might lead to a Hungary, but I don't think they were driven to it. They learned the lesson of Hungary and took it very much to heart. They acted in a rational way to prevent the same thing happening in their own country. In my view that is a sign of strength, not weakness."

The two elements on which the stability of all Chinese régimes depends, and the present régime is no exception, are the intellectuals and the peasants. Many intellectuals detest the Communist system, but numberless others have taken to Marxism like ducks to water. Others again—patriotic but not Marxist—are divided in their allegiance. Many of these were probably among the rightists. The intellectuals can do little if the peasantry is behind the *régime*. But are they?

Nobody, probably not even the Chinese rulers themselves, can answer this great question. Ninety-eight per cent of the five hundred million peasants are working in full collectives as mere cogs in huge land factories instead of cultivating their own plots. Some say they bitterly resent the "great betrayal" which, after giving them land in the land reform of 1950-52, took it away again in the wholesale collectivization of 1956. Others tell you that the Chinese peasant cares little whether he owns his land or not, provided he gets enough to eat, has some hope that his living standard will gradually improve, and feels that he is getting a square deal from the state. It is still too early to say whether collectivization will succeed in China. All one can say for certain is that the Chinese leaders have not yet experienced anything like the resistance of the Russian peasantry to Stalin in 1930-1931. The immediate stability of the régime depends on a more immediate matter.

ONE IS INCLINED to overlook the importance of the weather in politics. In China everything hangs or falls on the harvest: the people's food, exports, the national revenue, taxes, and the means to repay Soviet aid. The Chinese Communists have been unlucky with their weather, and the 1956 harvest was the worst in living memory. Floods and typhoons ravaged forty million acres north of the Yellow River; seventy million peasants were close to starvation. Another bad harvest this year would shake the Communist régime far more than the rightists, Chiang Kai-shek, and the combined strength of the anti-Communist world.

The most beautiful of all Peking's beautiful buildings is the Temple of Prayer for Good Harvests. Under its ink-blue tiles, at the critical season of the year, the Chinese emperors prayed regularly to the gods. Mao Tse-tung, though committed to an atheistic creed, might well follow their example. Since he is a peasant, the importance of the subject can hardly have escaped his attention.

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Knowland, Knight, And the Smile on Nixon's Face

BRUCE BLIVEN

THE POLITICAL KETTLE is aboil in California. Although the primary election for state offices and one United States senatorship will not take place until next June 3, at least half a dozen aspirants are already campaigning as hard as though they were in the closing weeks.

Overshadowing all other races is the one between Governor Goodwin J. Knight and Senator William F. Knowland for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Knowland stumped the state for a full month before he made his formal announcement, on October 3, that he would run. As for the energetic and effervescent Governor Knight, he has been campaigning hard ever since he took office, succeeding Earl Warren, in 1953.

No fewer than three possible Republican Presidential nominees are involved in the California race. It is an open secret that Senator Knowland would like to make the try, if not in 1960 then in 1964 or later. Governor Knight also has Presidential aspirations, and 1960, when he will be sixty-four, probably represents his last chance. Vice-President Richard M. Nixon is the likeliest of all to be a candidate, and he probably has the most powerful political machine in the state. His prestige could be augmented or impaired by the outcome of the election.

In view of the serious harm that can be done to the Republican organization by internecine warfare, great pressure has been brought on Governor Knight to persuade him to run for the United States Senate instead of the governorship or to accept a Federal office.

All three men are personally as well as politically hostile, with the feud between Nixon and Knight particularly bitter. While Nixon, like President Eisenhower, is not expected to commit himself individually to any candidate in the 1958 primary, it is generally believed that the Nixon machine will be working for Knowland. Many observers believe that there may be a secret bargain between Knowland and Nixon. According to this, Knowland will not try to get the Presidential nomination in 1960 or—if Nixon is successful in being nominated and elected—in 1964. He would not make the try until 1968, when he will be only sixty.

Knight

Other observers discount the bargain theory and believe that the Vice-President is playing an even shrewder game. Whoever wins the Republican primary will have to face the Democratic candidate for governor, Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, a redoubtable vote-getter. The popular impression is that Knight would run better against Brown than Knowland would. If Nixon, by supporting Knowland, can help him win the primary, the political career of Nixon's bitterest opponent, Knight, will probably be at an end. If Knowland is then defeated in November, both of Nixon's rivals in California will be completely out of the picture.

The next term of the California governor does not end until 1962. Knowland has repeatedly said things which sound like a promise that if elected he will stay for his full term, but he has never made this statement irrevocable. When he made known his intention to run for governor, Knight promptly labeled the announcement "a thinly disguised invitation to his later 'draft' for the Presidential nomination in 1960." Knowland himself refused, under pressure from newspapermen, to slam and lock the door. To reporters who asked him whether he had made a "Sherman-type" renunciation of Presidential aspirations in 1960, he answered that "no one has a crystal ball about 1960 or 1964."

It is ironic that Nixon should be even tacitly supporting Knowland. Nixon is by adoption a member of the modern Republican, or Eisenhower, section of the party; Knowland is a leader of the Taft wing of bitter-end conservatives. Eisenhower wants to dictate the platform and candidate in 1960; Knowland as head of the California delegation could exert a powerful influence to thwart him.

Mr. Knowland's Gamble

The California senator has shown great political courage, if not foolhardiness, by making the first plank in his platform a "right-to-work" law in California. He is presumably counting on the national sense of outrage over revelations before the McClellan Committee to make his proposal more acceptable. He is aiming, he says, at much more than the abolition of the union or closed shop. He wants secret ballots in trade-union elections, machinery for the recall of dishonest leaders, full protection for union funds (and especially welfare and pension funds), protection for dissident union members from discrimination or reprisals, and a ban on strikes

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unless they are called by secret ballot of a majority of the people who will have to do the actual striking.

Knowland is reported to have ample campaign funds, something Knight conspicuously lacks. The senator also has the backing of his own newspaper, the Oakland *Tribune,* which circulates widely in the heavily populated, industrialized, and rapidly growing east shore of San Francisco Bay. And his bitter-end conservatism doesn't hurt him with most of his party's leaders.

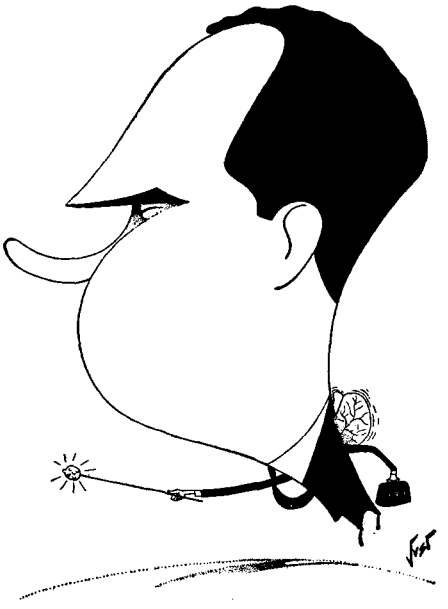
KNIGHT, who began his career as a conservative lawyer, switched to a markedly more liberal attitude when he campaigned for governor in 1954. In that year, by expressing strong opposition to the right-to-work proposal that is now the center of Knowland's campaign, he obtained, to the amazement of many people, the support of the State Federation of Labor. He still has it. Labor in California is predominantly Democratic, and C. J. Haggerty, secretary-treasurer of the State Federation, has proposed that union members change their political registration so that they can help Knight obtain the Republican nomination.

California has a crossfiling law under which any candidate may simultaneously enter the primaries of both parties. If he wins both, the election battle is over.

All the candidates in next year's primaries will crossfile. No one expects Knight or Knowland to win the Democratic primary, but many people believe Brown will take enough votes from Knight in the Republican primary to assure Knowland of nomination—a development for which the Democrats are earnestly hoping.

Brown is fifty-two, a San Franciscan, and a Roman Catholic. He is a very popular figure in the state. He has a sharp tongue and is not afraid to use it, as when he called the Knight-Knowland contest a fight "between an incumbent dead duck and a foolish modern McKinley."

Since registered Democrats outnumber Republicans in California by four to three, the question invariably asked is why the Republicans almost always win elections at the state level, as well as many at the national level. An important answer has to do with the system of crossfiling, which began more than forty years ago. Until 1954, the candidate did not even give his party affiliation on the ballot. In a state whose population has been growing so enormously, many of the voters didn't know which candidate belonged to which party. This gave a great advantage to the man already in office, who could always count on getting automatically about fifty per



Nixon

cent of the vote in the primary of the opposite party. For a long time, four-fifths of all contests were in fact decided in the primaries.

Since party affiliations counted for so little, the work of skilled press agents became exceptionally important. The Republicans have always had more money to spend on publicity than the Democrats, and they were also aided by the fact that practically every metropolitan newspaper in the state has supported the Republican candidates whenever there was a real contest.

The Democrats Get Discipline

There is new life in the California Democratic Party, however. This resurgence is centered in the California Democratic Councils—five hundred local organizations with fifty thousand members, headed by Alan Cranston of Los Altos, a Stevenson-type intellectual and liberal. The C.D.C. has a startling record of success since it was founded in 1953. Aided by the 1954 change in the primary law, the Democrats won every Democratic primary contest they entered in the last state-wide election. In other words, Republican success in the Democratic primaries went down from eighty per cent to zero.

One serious weakness of California Democrats had been their inability to get together and support a single candidate in the primaries; half a dozen would run and the well-disciplined Republicans, concentrating on a single individual, would knock them off. Today the C.D.C. holds an "endorsement meeting" far in advance of the primary; potential candidates for various offices come before that meeting, and only one man is approved to run for each office.

If the Democrats should win control of the state legislature in 1958, the victory could be very important. The political map will be rewritten in 1960, as it is every ten years, and this reapportionment could undo, so the Democrats say, some of the grosser gerrymandering committed by the Republicans in past years.

KNOWLAND'S announcement that he would not seek re-election suddenly threw the senatorial race wide open for both Republicans and Democrats. An important Republican possibility is Representative Patrick J. Hillings of Los Angeles, a close friend of the Vice-President, the man who succeeded Nixon in the House when he went to the Senate. If there were a bargain between Nixon and Knowland, it would presumably include Knowland's support for Hillings. Traditionally, California divides its two senatorial seats between the north and the south. The other senator, Thomas H. Kuchel, also comes from the south, but this is not considered a fatal liability to Hillings.

Another would-be senator is Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco, whose chief claim to fame is that he brought the New York Giants to that city. Christopher, who was born in Greece and came to this country in early childhood, will make an appeal to the state's racial minorities, but he will be somewhat handicapped by the bitter rivalry

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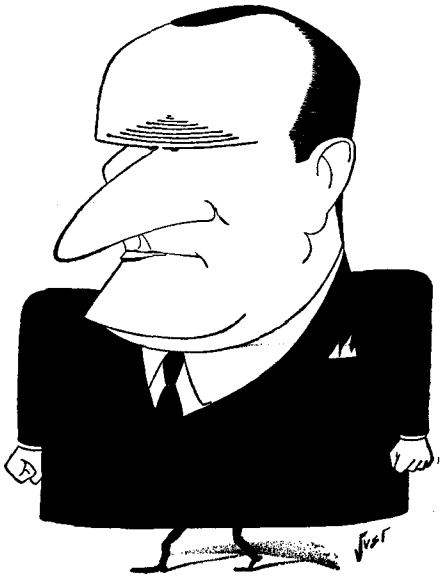
among San Francisco, Oakland, and Los Angeles.

Still another potential candidate is Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California, about to retire. Others include Warren H. Atherton of Stockton, an important figure in the American Legion; Lieutenant Governor Harold J. Powers; and State Controller Robert C. Kirkwood.

On the Democratic side, a strong potential candidate is Alan Cranston of the C.D.C. Another is Representative Clair Engle of Red Bluff, who has been in the House of Representatives since 1943. A nationally known college professor, Peter Odegard, professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley, has been mentioned. In addition, there are State Senator Richard Richards of Los Angeles, like Cranston a Stevenson-type liberal intellectual, but who was defeated by Kuchel in 1956; State Senator Robert McCarthy of San Francisco, a lone wolf with personal wealth and unbounded ambition; and Kenneth Hahn, a member of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors.

It is generally believed that the party winning the gubernatorial race is likely also to name the senator. Whichever party wins, the result is likely to be close. Both parties will "run scared" next summer, just as the aspirants are doing today.



Knowland

Mr. Hays of Arkansas Meets His Responsibilities

NATALIE DAVIS SPINGARN

"NOTHING but good will come of it," said Brooks Hays, congressman from Arkansas' Fifth District, when he arranged conciliation talks between Governor Faubus and President Eisenhower at Newport in September. Today, this gentle, deeply religious man who represents the people of Little Rock admits: "Nothing like as much good came out of it as I had hoped."

Mr. Hays has been profoundly disturbed by the events which have followed that "terrible Monday" when the trouble in Little Rock prompted him to call his old friend Sherman Adams and ask if there was anything he could do to help.

He seemed weary during a recent trip back to the capital from Little Rock. He ran his hand occasionally over his thinning hair, polished his glasses, and paced up and down his office among mementos of congressional colleagues and pictures of the Capitol chapel, which he sponsored, and of Little Rock's Central High School, taken at its dedication.

His weariness does not proceed from any great fear about his own political future. At fifty-nine, after having been elected to eight consecutive terms, he feels that the voters have enough confidence in him to tolerate the deviations that enable him "to try to hold a Northern audience to plead the South's valid cause." He was pleased by a newsman's report of what an elderly constituent had said when asked if the voters were changing their minds about their congressman: "Mr. Hays finished? No, sir. I don't always agree with him, but he's an institution around here. We don't hold anything against *him*."

Although he has made quite clear his conviction that the Supreme Court decision on integration must be upheld in Little Rock, he had previously joined with the rest of the Arkansas delegation in signing a manifesto criticizing the decision.

He considers himself a moderate, and his greatest concern for the region he represents is that despite his long hours of talk with Governor Faubus and their trip to Newport, "The extremists triumphed over us." By "us" he means not the responsible moderates of the South but all the people of Little Rock whom he represents. People don't understand, he says, that it was the city's board of education that adopted an integration plan in compliance with the law, and the state government that stopped it.

"IT'S AN awful feeling for me," he remarked, "being introduced as the congressman from Little Rock and having people look at me so strangely." He is troubled by a report that the name of Little Rock was booed during a performance of *South Pacific*. And yet he has managed to maintain his sense of humor: "I heard a story about a double translation. 'Little Rock' was translated into Russian and from Russian back into English and came out 'Small Stone.' I said, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first small stone.' "

He contends that none of us—North or South, white or Negro, Republican or Democrat—is completely without sin in the midst of "the most complex set of social forces in the world's history." The Little Rock affair, he believes, has shown the South that our Constitutional system of government rests on the acceptance of court orders; it has shown the North that the "casual fitting of a revolutionary idea to well-established customs" is not an easy matter. "Since neither military force nor massive resistance works, we must try friendly persuasion."

What has the Little Rock affair shown him? As an elected official who bears responsibility to both the locality and the Federal government, he firmly believes that it was no more than his job to step in and try

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to help work out a solution. "I haven't been heroic," he insists. If the crisis were economic—a flood problem, for instance—it would be taken for granted that the congressman would be an intermediary. So how can he shirk responsibility when a human problem is involved? He diplomatically avoids answering questions about Arkansas' two senators, William Fulbright and John McClellan, who have almost entirely ignored the crisis.

Mr. Hays points out that Southerners who are consistent in their advocacy of the rights of local government were just as much shocked by the state's action in thwarting a decision of the city school board as they were by the Federal government's forcible elimination of the state's resistance. As Americans weigh the Constitutional issues now confronting them, he urges them to ponder just how the Jeffersonian concepts of local responsibility ("and Jefferson was interested in substance, not form, you know") should be applied today. Times have changed, he holds, since the Founding Fathers provided for an "indestructible Union composed of indestructible States." We now have powerful cities—the natural enemies, it would seem, of conservative rural elements—but the formal theories of Federal-state relationships do not take them into account. "In Little Rock," Mr. Hays remarked, "the governor is not seeking the favor of the city but of the county-courthouse politicians. In his bid for their support, he is making a coldly calculated response to a political situation."

THE CONGRESSMAN from Arkansas has been prevented from adopting what he calls "a dismal and bleak view of man's resiliency" not only by his study of history but also by his religious faith. (He is president of the 8.5-million-member Southern Baptist Convention.) When things were at their worst in September, he had to break a date with Harry Truman. "I know you'll understand, Mr. President," he said. "You had to take much worse than this for a much longer time." Mr. Truman replied that he understood completely. "It's easier for me, though, Brooks," he said. "I can cuss and you can't."

EQUATIONS FOR SURVIVAL

ERIC SEVAREID

What is more important for humanity than the balance of personal power within the Kremlin is the balance of military-political power in the world. Every foreign office is now trying to estimate whether the balance has been altered in Russia's favor since Sputnik, and if so, by how much.

Party publications in Moscow are busy announcing that the balance *has* been shifted in Russia's favor because, they say, all doubt has been removed that Russia can hit any military target anywhere with an intercontinental missile. Both the statement of fact and the conclusion from it are challenged in this country. Virtually no one here thinks Russia now has such missiles in operational numbers, and they disagree as to just when it will have them and how much sooner than we will. A general conclusion here is that while military tactics are rapidly changing because of missiles, the military-strategy picture is not yet changing nor, therefore, is the real world balance changing.

This fundamental question has been under scrutiny by various groups for the last year or so. Conclusions were summarized in a study published in April by the Senate Armed Services Committee. Let me try to summarize part of the summary.

If Russia were first with the intermediate-range missile, then all Europe would be under the gun. So would our overseas bases, from which a high percentage of our SAC bombers must strike. But many bombers could still operate from this country and from Navy carriers. There would be political nervousness in European countries, but no real switch in the world balance.

If the Russians were first with operational intercontinental missiles, then they still could not destroy all our retaliatory strength quickly and they would still get badly hurt themselves.

If we had the intermediate missile first, we would still need the overseas bases; if we had the intercontinental missile first, we would not need those bases quite so much. We would have a return to the 1946-1950 situation, in which we had the atomic-bomb monopoly, home-based. In either case, our power remains a *deterrent* power because the world knows we would not start a war, even with this advantage. The world balance of power, therefore, would remain about where it is.

Those who argued this way also argued that the real shift in the balance would come when one side perfects a missile *defense*. That side would be truly all-powerful because it would fear nothing, but that is a long way off—and such a defense may be, in fact, impossible.

But this is not the end of the equations. For the Russians may not need either the fifteen-hundred-mile or the several-thousand-mile missile to put a great many important American targets under the gun. Their *capabilities with missile-launching* submarines are bound to be a subject of more and more private and public attention, which could change the whole emphasis in the present argument about the longer-range land-based missile race. Finally, in terms of the world's political balance, the Soviets have one insurmountable advantage: In a missile war, striking first can be terribly important. We can never strike first and without warning; the Russians can, and the world knows it.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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Slums Are a Luxury We Cannot Afford

OSCAR H. STEINER

CLEVELAND

FRED AND MILDRED HURNS were very special sidewalk superintendents when they stood at the corner of East Thirty-fifth Street and Scovill Avenue here not long ago and watched bricklayers at work on a 283-apartment development. Along with hundreds of other Negro families, the Hurnses were displaced two years ago from this same area by a slum-clearance project. But their visit had not been prompted by any nostalgia for their old neighborhood. They had come, with their four children, to check on the new apartment they will soon be moving into. Furthermore, they will take up residence in one of the modern fireproof apartments not as renters but as owners.

Because I am the head of the building firm that is putting up the Longwood development into which the Hurns family will move, what follows may sound presumptuous. But I honestly believe that the project, small as it is, has real significance for all communities that want to do something about their slums.

All too often slums are cleared with public funds and then the former residents are forced into other slum areas by the excessive rents of the new development. It hurts me every time I hear of a huge apartment development with rents of $25 to $40 and more per room going up in a former slum section. Unless something is done to help people like the Hurnses, the troubles that afflict the heart of almost all of our large cities will increase rather than diminish.

THE HURNS FAMILY has been making monthly deposits during construction toward the down payment for their new home. When their two-bedroom apartment is ready and they move in, they will have paid $500 down. (Sure, they'll be cramped for space by ideal standards, but they'll be less crowded than they were before or than they would be in another slum.) Their monthly payments covering interest, amortization, taxes, insurance, and all exterior repairs and services, including lawnmowing and snow removal, will be $81.50. Other families are saving toward or have made down payments of $750 for three-bedroom units in Longwood on which their total monthly payments will be anywhere from $85.50 to $91.50, depending on the size of the rooms. These are bargain-basement prices in Cleveland, where construction costs are high. Two other firms are working in Longwood on more conventional rental projects, and this is progress too. But I think it is interesting that those who are paying for their own apartments will be paying substantially less than those who rent.

We learned from an earlier project that the average family income of a purchaser is $4,100 a year, only about seven hundred dollars below the national median and a thousand dollars under the median for city dwellers. And yet after years of living in deteriorated, jam-packed slums most of the purchasers had almost given up hope of ever renting, let alone owning, a decent home of their own. We have experienced practically no turnover; even more, there are no delinquencies.

Two years ago the City of Cleveland, with the help of a Federal grant of more than $2 million, bought for demolition the tattered tenement the Hurnses had lived in on East Thirty-fifth Street. The houses in the neighborhood were predominantly frame, and most of them hadn't been painted in years. Maintenance consisted of patches on patches. Originally single- and double-occupancy houses, they had practically all been converted to multifamily occupancy —some with families of six or eight persons living in a single room and sharing bath and kitchen facilities. The Hurnses paid $15 a week for three rooms. Some families paid more, some slightly less, but the rates were almost uniformly exorbitant, although not at all shocking to anyone who is in any way familiar with the economics of Negro slum property.

How to Make Slums

Along with a sizable number of the twelve hundred families who once lived in the section, the Hurnses were relocated into the Cleveland Hough neighborhood. There they had to double up again in a house in an area that is already caught in a familiar pattern: overcrowding, heavy wear and tear on already neglected buildings, climbing rents, growing crime and delinquency, an increasing tax burden on the entire city—in short, new slums while the old were being cleared. The police call this area "The Jungle."

The rapid growth of new slums means that Cleveland and cities like it are getting nowhere fast in a desperate race that will exhaust the earnest dreams of the planners and the bright hopes of the city administration.

Of the billion-and-a-half-dollar industrial expansion enjoyed by the Cleveland metropolitan area in the postwar years, one billion dollars' worth has been located in the suburban municipalities. Most of the new houses have also been built outside the city limits.

As the tax base in the center of the city levels off in relation to that in the rising suburbs, Cleveland's housekeeping problems—health, police, and welfare—show no corresponding reduction.

No one can say that we Cleveland-

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ers haven't had plenty of warning about how expensive slums can be for a city to go on tolerating. Back in 1934, Father Robert B. Navin, now Monsignor Navin, president of St. John College in Cleveland, completed a study of a 333-acre section of the city that included the present Longwood project site. Father Navin discovered that direct cost of maintaining the section—in city, county, and school services, in private and public health and welfare spending—was $2 million, against a potential real-estate tax revenue of $225,000. He observed that the inclusion of a few items of administrative overhead would have made the deficit ten times the tax return.

The social deficit, which also costs money, was found to be even more disproportionate. A section comprising 2.5 per cent of the city's population and 0.73 per cent of the land area boasted 21 per cent of the murders, 8 per cent of the juvenile delinquency, 26 per cent of the vice resorts, 10 per cent of the illegitimate births, and 12 per cent of the tuberculosis deaths.

THE YEARS since Father Navin made his survey have increased the costs of municipal services without solving any of the social problems, so that even in a period of relatively full employment and prosperity, slum areas constitute a severe drain on the city's resources. When the city administration went to Cleveland's voters with a $7-million urban-redevelopment bond issue in 1953, it could argue accurately that the Longwood section represented an annual "loss" of more than $200,000.

Some simple arithmetic shows how good an investment Longwood will be. It cost $3 million to buy and clear the project area. Resale of the land to builders brought $450,000, leaving a net cost of slightly over $2.5 million to the city and Federal government. But the new apartments and shopping center will so enhance the tax returns from the section that the city will get its share of the costs back in nine years. Hard figures like these as well as humanitarian motives convinced the business and industrial leaders of Cleveland that they should support the city's renewal efforts. This they are doing through the nationally recognized Cleveland Development Foundation.

Nearly one hundred Cleveland companies subscribed $2 million to provide the foundation with a revolving fund to expedite almost every phase of Cleveland's redevelopment. Part of the money has been or is being used now as loans to the city and private builders to get specific projects under way. The list of officers and trustees of this organization includes many of Cleveland's industrial and commercial leaders. Mayor Anthony J. Celebrezze and Renewal Director James M. Lister have repeatedly paid tribute to the foundation's help in getting programs started.

The Negro 'Problem'

Whenever I begin to feel complacent about what we are accomplishing for the Hurnses and families like them, I have only to climb into my car and drive up and down the broken streets of the neighborhoods adjoining the Longwood building sites. In half an hour, the proper—and bitter—perspective is restored. What we have done, what we are doing, is only a pinprick compared to the major surgery needed.

The majority of inhabitants of Cleveland's slum areas are Negroes. The Cleveland Community Relations Board issued a report a few years ago showing that only five hundred of the 140,000 private dwelling units built in the Greater Cleveland area since the war had been available for rent or purchase by Negro families. What this has meant, of course, is that colored families, regardless of economic status, have been for the most part confined to the oldest and most run-down sections of the city. The Negro "problem," which helps create slums in the first place by overcrowding open neighborhoods, makes slum elimination all the more difficult.

Restrictive real-estate practices of builders, brokers, and lenders, echoing the sentiments of white neighbors, have made it almost impossible to obtain tracts of vacant land in the outlying sections of Cleveland or across municipal boundaries into the suburbs on which to build single-home or apartment developments with open occupancy. Wider realization of the economic consequences of prejudice—the cost of maintaining slums, for instance—may help hasten the day when integrated housing is more than a church-sponsored social experiment.

Cleveland and other industrial cities should certainly review their extensive landholdings with an eye to making some vacant sites available for open housing. When the City of Cleveland was eager to attract the 1959 Pan-American Games it quickly produced land for a stadium, parking fields, and temporary housing facilities for the athletes. Why couldn't the same areas be made available for housing the slum D.P.s?

The need everywhere is for low-cost houses. The spectacular boom in the postwar years produced a tremendous amount of housing for families who could afford to pay $15,000 or more—families, in other words, with an annual income of $7,000 or more. It is safer and more profitable for a contractor to build and sell a $35,000 home than one selling for $8,000 or $10,000. But the supply of homes in the upper bracket has come within hailing distance of the demand. In fact, you can say now that the prospective buyer has a very good choice.

BUT THE building boom didn't help the average industrial worker. Accurate figures for the income of Cleveland families show that sixty per cent of the families are in the $3,600 to $5,000 per year range—too high for public housing under Ohio's income limitations, and too low for the private units that have been built.

This income group, which includes so many of the slum D.P.s, cannot afford to pay more than $65 to $95 a month in rent or monthly payments on a mortgage. Some of them, in desperation, are paying more than one week's take-home pay in rent, but in the long run they are bound to find they have been led up a blind alley. The old rule of thumb that no more than twenty to twenty-five per cent of income should go for shelter still holds true.

In building apartments to rent or sell in the $65 to $95 range there are all sorts of problems, not the least of which is "tight" money. If mortgage interest rates climb one

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per cent, as they did between our first and second redevelopment projects, the purchaser's monthly payment jumps nearly five dollars—more than eight per cent—on an $8,500 mortgage. In addition, costs of material and labor keep increasing, and the average industrial worker's pay shows no sign of catching up.

One place where relief would seem entirely possible—and logical—is in land costs. Instead of charging $14,000 per acre for the Longwood site, why couldn't the City of Cleveland have deeded the land for $1, making sure that the savings would be passed on to the purchasers of the new units? It would have meant an immediate reduction in monthly payments of more than three dollars. As in the case of interest rates, the amount can be substantial for the family budgets we're talking about.

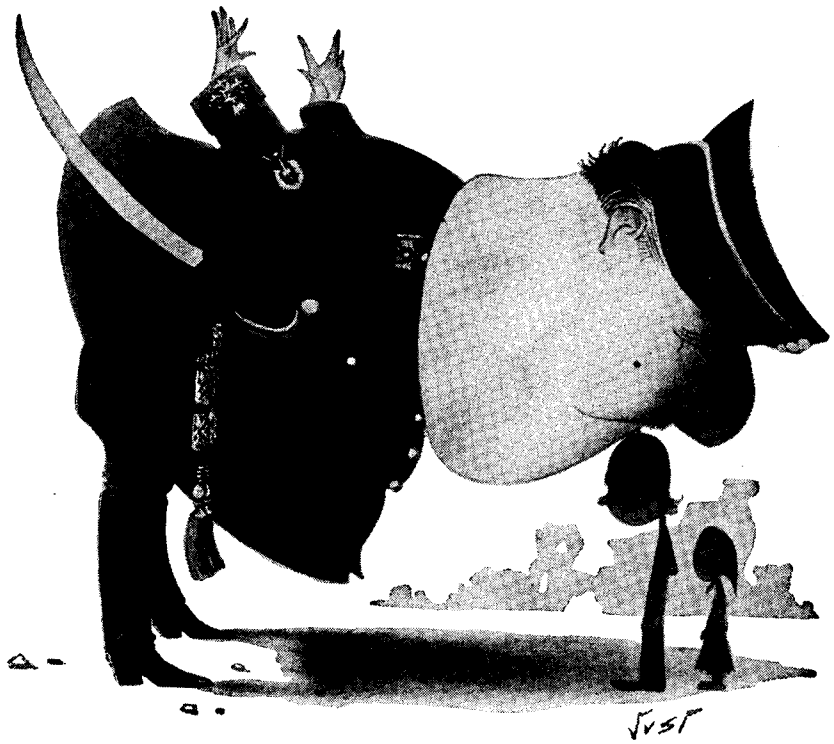
The increased write-off on the land would help bridge the wide gap between public housing, which must be almost completely subsidized, and conventional private housing, which only those with incomes of $7,000 or more can afford. It's not as if the city would simply be giving away money it could never hope to see again; the time required for it to recover its capital outlay in tax returns would merely be slightly lengthened.

There's nothing radical about such a proposal. In many parts of the country, communities are providing free factory sites and sometimes even building free factories to promote industrial development. The same philosophy of enlightened self-interest could well be applied to the housing crisis.

SLUMS ARE not only the shame of our cities in aesthetic and moral terms; they are also outrageously expensive.

Ninety-three per cent of the shabby dwelling units in the razed slums of the Longwood section were owned by absentee landlords. When the Hurnses and the other families move into the new apartments, a large degree of homeownership will be restored to the neighborhood.

I feel very strongly that resident ownership is the best possible guarantee against community deterioration.



The Meager Harvest Of Franco's Twenty Years

CLAIRE STERLING

DURING the past twelve months the cost of living in Spain has gone up nearly twenty-five per cent, after rising twenty per cent the year before. The budget deficit is now seventeen billion pesetas, which is more than a third of the budget itself, and the foreign-trade deficit has shot up to $325 million, twice what it was in 1955. Furthermore, the peseta has dropped from forty-two to more than sixty to the dollar.

Spanish officials would like to blame this economic crisis on the Americans and God—the first for pushing prices up by spending large sums in building military establishments and a pipeline and in modernizing the Spanish Army; the second for an icy blast that devastated Spanish crops in February, 1956. Actually, a considerable amount of American expenditures in Spain have tended to lower prices—by providing more food, raw materials, and machinery. The 1956 freeze destroyed a great part of the citrus crop and further diminished olive-oil production already hard hit by a poor crop the year before. Oranges and olive oil are Spain's two major exports. But again U.S. dollars and surplus commodities have gone a long way toward making up the loss.

Some spokesmen for the régime have suggested that the economic crisis has come about through a sudden desire on Franco's part to give his subjects a better standard of living. Many of his subjects may find this explanation amusing but it is at least partially true.

It would be more accurate to say that Franco, whose indifference to the Spaniards' living standards has been boundless for twenty-one years, has recently shown a desire to protect his own way of life by improving theirs. His incentive has been a series of strikes, riots, and

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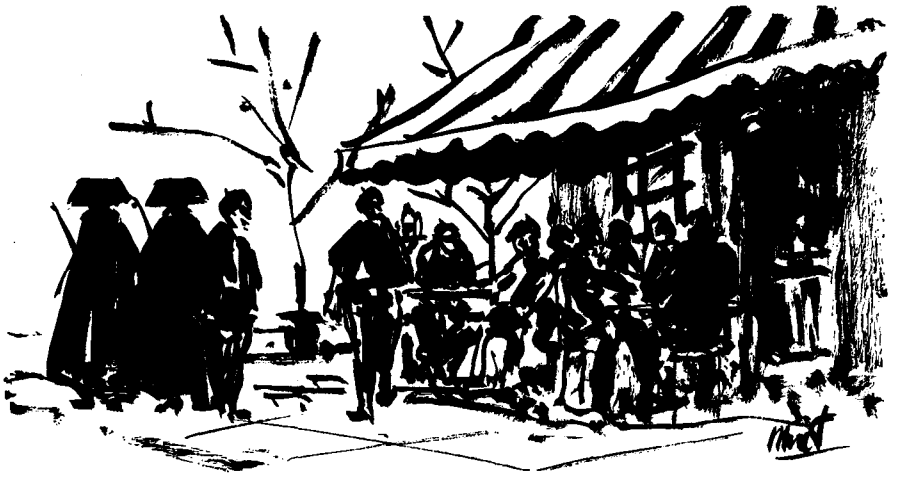
other activities, all considered subversive in the Franco state, and all but unprecedented in the history of the régime. Because all efforts to suppress these activities by force have failed, the government has been trying, within limits, to get at their causes.

For three or four years now, dating roughly from the time the Americans arrived, Franco has been making an effort to modernize Spain. In a country where major industries still operate with machinery made in the early part of the century, where most trains are drawn by locomotives made in the last century, and where workers earn an average of fifteen cents an hour, modernization is no easy task. It is even more complicated because of the corruption, the bureaucratic dry rot, the constricting political views, and the abnormal political concerns of a government ruled by one man for two decades.

Since that man is noted for distrusting and ignoring his advisers, the program has been not only inefficiently executed but also poorly planned and overambitious. Without giving much thought to priorities or the limits of the budget or the practicality of some extremely expensive projects, the government has been spending a billion dollars a year for new and replacement investment—in steel, electric power, railroads, highways, motor scooters, housing—and paying for a quarter of it simply by printing new money.

These investments have represented eighteen per cent of the gross national product, which is not too high for a normally sound country in full expansion. (The rate was about twenty per cent in other European countries when the Marshall Plan was in full swing.) But it is too high for a country with so little money, with such low agricultural and industrial stocks, with so precarious a supply position, and with so few of the political and economic freedoms that are a part of the rest of western Europe.

Had the political situation been healthier, Franco might have gotten along until the time—still many years away—when his program could mean more production at less cost, and when workers could earn more and buy more. But there was no way of putting organized pressure on the régime to control supplies, which continued to shrink, or prices, which began to rise by ten to twenty per cent a year. Nor was there any way to prevent Spain's closed circle of rich men from getting richer on fat new contracts and profitable speculations while the overwhelming majority of Spaniards became even poorer.



What Any Economist Knows

By early 1956 the people with the lowest living standards and fewest freedoms in western Europe were in a mood of open defiance hitherto unknown in the state founded on Unity, Totality, and Hierarchy. The state reacted that February by suppressing a two-day student riot in Madrid with such violence that the already jittery country came close to a second civil war. The tension grew in April, when eighty-five thousand Catalonian and Basque workers went on strike for a week because the wage increase they had been promised for so long amounted when it came to less than ten cents a day.

The penalty for striking in Spain is twelve years in jail, but none of the strikers drew such a sentence—instead they were promised more money in the fall. In November, with students rioting again in Madrid and Barcelona, the government did indeed announce a second wage increase of thirty-five per cent. But as any economist might have predicted, the cost of everything jumped overnight: food, beer, wine, cigarettes, clothing, telephones, light, water, trains, trucks, taxis, busses, streetcars. By last January, when the workers' gain had almost been wiped out by runaway prices, the entire adult population of Barcelona—a city of more than a million inhabitants—walked to work for fourteen days rather than pay the higher streetcar fare. The boycott spread to Madrid and Seville, where student rioting broke out once more. The rioting then spread to Barcelona, where police arrested six hundred students and closed the university for the second time in three months. A few weeks later, Franco dismissed his cabinet.

Conspicuous among those departing was Labor Minister José Antonio Girón, who had ordered the November wage increase. But along with him went Interior Minister Blas Pérez González, whose inability to break the chain of strikes and riots had made Girón's decision as politically inescapable as it was economically disastrous. Having thus made expiation for his sins, Franco appointed a new cabinet that was not likely to make either mistake again.

The new minister of interior is General Camilo Alonso Vega, a former chief of the dread Guardia Civil, who recently expressed the cheery hope that the students would riot once more so that he could teach them a final lesson. The man now directing Franco's economic affairs is Commerce Minister Alberto Ullastres, who has announced a program of austerity in the interests not only of the Spanish economy but also, he says, of the Spanish soul.

Ullastres is the foremost theoretician of Opus Dei, a Catholic movement whose other leading members and closest collaborators include the new interior minister and the

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new ministers of finance, industry, agriculture, public works, army, and information. Few Spaniards are pleased with Franco for inviting so many followers of what they call the White Masonry into his inner councils. The capitalists dislike these men because they are not easily corruptible, the religious orders and Catholic Action resent them as pretentious interlopers, and the underground detests them as inflexible reactionaries and police spies.

THE PURPOSE of Opus Dei is to fight materialism in every form. Though its five thousand members do not take religious vows, they are bound to an ascetic life by the dictum of its founder, Marist priest José María Escrivá de Balaguer, who said, "Marriage is for the troops, not for the staff of Christ's Army." They are also bound to renounce any interest in personal profit, which is a stricture that does not affect them too deeply because most of them are comfortably wealthy. But they are encouraged, on the other hand, to finance the work of the movement through corporate earnings, and have done so. They have, in fact, become a powerful financial group, whose holdings include the Banco Popular Español; Crédito Andorra; Cantabria (construction); Dipenfa (movie distribution); *Actualidad España* (Madrid weekly); *Informaciones* (Madrid daily); *Tiempo Nuevo* (national monthly); Editorial Rialp (periodicals distribution); SARPA (periodicals distribution); DELSA (book distribution); and SFINA (general financing).

For a ruler in Franco's position last February, there was much about Opus Dei to recommend it. He could count on the asceticism of its leaders, on the organization's zeal in purging the country of ideological heresy, and on its members' experience as financiers. Furthermore, he could safely assume their continuing loyalty, inasmuch as no financial group of such importance could long prosper in Spain without his favor.

Nevertheless, the experiment has not gone well. The Ullastres group had come into the government with several ideas for repairing the damaged economy: reduction of luxury imports, retraction of public investment, tightening of credit, rigid price controls, restrictions on speculators, no further wage increases, and, as a long-term objective, a gradual shift from state ownership and direction to free private enterprise. But in its attempts the group has managed to irritate almost everyone: Juan March, the richest man in Europe and Franco's biggest financial mainstay; Juan Antonio Suances, the companion of Franco's school days, who heads the top-heavy complex of state-owned industries known as INI; the Falange, which wants a corporative state; the speculators; the people who want houses; the people who want new contracts; the workers who want higher wages; the banks; and Franco himself.

So far, Ullastres has managed to stop the inflow of Cadillacs, to keep public investment from going above last year's level, and to resist all pressures for wage relief. But he has not been able to keep prices from rising or the value of the peseta from falling. If there are any hopes that next year will be better, they depend almost entirely on American expenditures and God's willingness to give Spain a bumper crop of oranges and wheat.

The Hotbeds of Rebellion

Politically, things haven't gone much better. From its vantage point in the cabinet, Opus Dei has worked tirelessly to root out subversion. It has cleansed the universities of all but the most orthodox professors, amassed a fund of information on the insidious activities of Communists, Socialists, Republicans, Liberals, Christian Democrats, left-wing Monarchists—and even left-wing Falangists—and circulated copies of a memorandum to Franco listing the forty most dangerous men in Spain, all but twelve of whom were thereupon arrested. It has even arranged through the minister of interior to have police agents matriculate as university students and to station uniformed policemen in the aisles of Barcelona factories.

In spite of this, the universities are still hotbeds of rebellion. All but two of them—in Santiago and the Canary Islands—have functioning underground organizations, led mainly by Christian Democrats in coalition with Republicans, Liberals, and Socialists. The coalition, formed this past summer, now operates through a nation-wide network supported by all four underground parties. It has just sent out fifty thousand copies of a seven-point manifesto calling for the "peaceful overthrow of the régime" and "ten years of a National Union government." Evidently it is preparing for an active winter.

As for the Catalonian and Basque workers, not even Franco could have expected his new cabinet to succeed in a year where others over two decades have failed. There is a clandestine organization in the north, as there always has been. It is cautious because the Catalonians and Basques were the last to hold out against Franco in the civil war and have therefore endured the worst punishments. But its strength is demonstrated by the fact that whereas underground leaders expected the January Barcelona streetcar boycott to last only two days, it lasted two weeks.

The northern underground is

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quiet at the moment, but it expects to move again in midwinter, when its action will be directed against Opus Dei. "We will put the question to Opus," says the Christian Democrats' director for Barcelona, "of whether or not they intend, as Catholics, to go on with this repression. It is a problem of conscience. If the students in jail are not released and those barred from examinations not amnestied, if prices are not checked and wages not raised, then Opus Dei will have proved itself to be as much an enemy of Christ's as of ours, and we will act accordingly."

A somewhat similar view was expressed last month by Opus Dei's chief ideologist, Rafael Calvo Serrer, who wrote in *La Vanguardia* that Opus must either find a way to carry out its economic ideas or leave the government. "Either triumph," he said, "or resign." But Franco, who never lets any minister resign, is not likely to give these ministers the privilege. There are none better in sight to replace them, for none of the three institutions on which Franco has always relied—Church, army, Falange—is as reliable as it used to be.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, troubled by social unrest in Spain, has long shown a discreet desire to disentangle itself from the régime, or at least to avoid total identification with it. It has become even more anxious as an impetuous new generation that never knew the civil war has come of age. Leading Spanish prelates were therefore relieved when the only representative of Catholic Action in the government, Foreign Minister Alberto Martín Artajo, was fired last February. They are not happy about Opus Dei's massive presence and undistinguished performance in the present cabinet—particularly since one of the forty dangerous men on the Opus list is the Bishop of Málaga's brother; and they are not inclined to offer candidates for another cabinet should this one be dissolved.

The Falange, long despised by the Church, the army, and the people, is now smarting from the additional sting of Opus Dei's open contempt. It has also become neurotically suspicious of its leader, who has taken nowadays to treating his old Falangist cronies with cool indifference, and whose plans for a restoration of the monarchy—if only in the distant future—would mean their eventual eclipse. If the cronies themselves are disciplined enough to nurse their wounds in silence, those of their sons who are still in the Falange with them are not. "We are tired of sacrificing our ideals for a National Movement that has nothing to do with us," declared the younger Falangists in a manifesto widely circulated last August. "From now on we will follow our own policy, carry out our own program—revolutionary and popular—and support the Move-

ment only when it helps us win our objectives. Falangists, we must return to the street, to fight for liberty and justice, bread and the rights of our people."

The army remains, as always, Franco's biggest source of strength. But while he continues to be surrounded by a retinue of faithful generals—there are four in his cabinet, and his closest confidant in the Pardo, Luis Carrero Blanco, is a rear admiral—the young officers are becoming noticeably restive, particularly since the loss of Spanish Morocco. Furthermore, not all his generals are as trustworthy as they once were. There is, for example, the case of Juan Bautista Sánchez-González, the Captain-General of Barcelona, who during the troubles last winter met secretly in a northern frontier town with the Captains-General of Valencia, the Balearics, and Madrid. What they decided at that meeting is not known. But a week later General Sánchez-González was transferred to a remote garrison, where he died the day after arrival. Shortly afterward, the Captain-General of the Balearics disappeared. Following that, the Captain-General of Madrid began to appear in public only with an armed escort. In April, Franco gave every officer in the army a wage increase of seventy-five per cent.

None of this should suggest that Franco is about to become a closed chapter in history. He still has the army, or enough of it, at any rate, to protect him for some time to come; and while millions of Spaniards devoutly wish him gone, they are still immobilized by haunting memories of the civil war. Since that is not true of the younger generation, however, Franco is under enormous pressure to make some changes before the war babies of 1936 take matters out of their parents' hands.

He has toyed for some years now with the idea of relieving the pressure by restoring the monarchy and setting Don Juan's son, Don Juan Carlos, on the throne. He has even announced publicly on several occasions that he would do so. But Don Juan is reported to be wearying of the constant advances and retreats that have gained time for Franco and gotten the monarchy nowhere. On receiving Franco's invitation for a meeting at sea in early September, he replied that he would agree only if the agenda were fixed in advance, if a joint communiqué were issued should agreement be reached, and if, failing agreement, both sides were free to explain the failure in public. The invitation was withdrawn.

BY NOW the most sanguine of Monarchists are beginning to be convinced that Franco will not lift a finger to bring the Bourbons back until he is on his deathbed—and he's a hale sixty-four. More than anger, disillusion, or discontent, this conviction has brought regret, not only among Monarchists but among all those who have continued to hope for a peaceful change. "After all this," said the Primate of Spain, Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, to a Catholic visitor recently, "the Church will have new martyrs in Spain."

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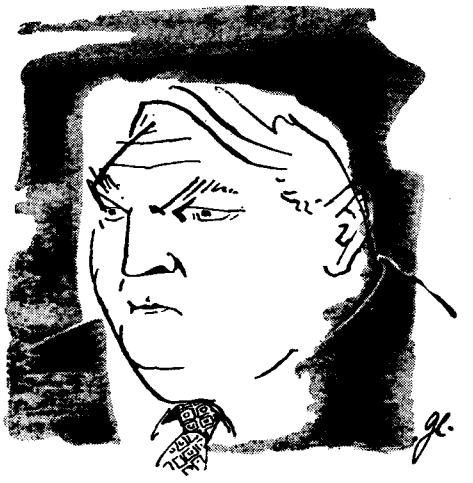
The Well-Fed Prophet Of German Prosperity



EDMOND TAYLOR

BONN

JUST SEVENTEEN days after the elections in West Germany, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, whose recent appointment as vice chancellor formalized his position as the aging Konrad Adenauer's heir apparent, held a press conference that jolted both his admirers in the business world and his critics of the doctrinaire Left. Puffing angrily on one of his favorite Havanas, Professor Erhard bore little resemblance to the benign uncle image—seen on countless campaign posters—that had contributed so very heavily to the recent Christian Democratic victory.

Dr. Erhard gave newsmen an account of his unsuccessful efforts to persuade the coal barons of the Ruhr to abandon or reduce their projected eight per cent increase in the price of coal. This account differed strikingly from the impression he had given in his campaign speeches of a *soziale Marktwirtschaft*—a socially responsible free-market economy with labor and capital working in partnership under the benevolent but aloof eye of government. This arrangement, he had argued, would assure continual prosperity for the German people. Declaring that the behavior of the Ruhr magnates was "indescribable," the sixty-year-old, heavy-set economics minister proceeded to describe it as "shameful," "socially irresponsible," a "dishonesty towards the German people," and a *"Diktat"* to which the federal government would never bow. "If people try to take more than the economy can give," he warned grimly, "the only remedy is to take restrictive measures, as is being done in England."

Though Dr. Erhard—because he believes so passionately in a free economy—has lashed out before at German big business, observers here feel that this time he has probably committed himself to a fight to the finish with the Ruhr coal magnates. The outcome of the struggle may well decide not only his own political future but also the economic policies of the third Adenauer administration both at home and abroad, and perhaps even the durability of the German "economic miracle"—which won the election for the chancellor.

TO UNDERSTAND the issues involved in this paradoxically bitter conflict between an important segment of West German big business and the politician whom most of his compatriots probably regard as the foremost exponent of the business viewpoint in German public life, it is useful to begin with the paradoxical personality of Dr. Erhard himself.

He is a Protestant Bavarian who prefers Rhine wine to beer, a fat man who is volcanic rather than placid, an intellectual technician with the personality of a supersalesman, and an economic idealist who loves business but often has difficulty in getting on with businessmen. A cigar smoker of Churchillian capacity, Dr. Erhard surrounds himself with the expensive aura of an international banker yet wears the high-button shoes of an old-fashioned country lawyer.

Dr. Erhard's self-assurance, according to both friends and adversaries, is awe-inspiring, and his opinions on any subject are delivered with a professional authority that usually overwhelms dissent. When individuals or groups are unconvinced by what usually seems to Dr. Erhard his self-evident rightness, he lights into them with an aggressiveness that is heightened by his forthright, salty south German speech.

The truth is that Dr. Erhard, who seems engagingly free of spite or vindictiveness, enjoys a good fight and deals with the problems of his complex office as forthrightly as he deals with his adversaries. "The success of our policy," he boasted in his latest book, *Wohlstand für Alle* ("Prosperity for All"), which came out during the campaign, "is due to the fact that we have met all crises head-on and have always sought to solve them by steaming straight ahead." That the boast was not an empty one is demonstrated by Dr. Erhard's damn-the-torpedoes approach to the crisis precipitated late in September by the coal barons.

ADENAUER'S economics minister voices intense mistrust of cooperatives and labor unions—"the worst form of cartel"—and of economic planning. Rationing and price fixing particularly infuriate him. "The welfare state," he declares, "is one where everyone's hand is in somebody else's pocket."

The secret of perpetual prosperity, Dr. Erhard keeps telling the German people, is to go on producing and consuming ever more and more. He is not only the engineer of German prosperity but its promoter. Despite warnings from conservative financiers like Dr. Wilhelm Vocke, president of the Federal Bank, and the Cologne banker-politician Robert Pferdmenges, close friend of the chancellor, that he was overstoking the furnaces, Dr. Erhard has tirelessly prodded German industry to expand its productive capacity. At the same time he has just as tirelessly preached the new morality of consumption to the intensely conservative and thrifty German public. He does not disavow a touch of Coué. In reply to critics who disdain his cheery pep talks to the German people as "soul massage," he retorts: " 'Soul massage' is an essential factor in modern economic policy." Dr. Erhard's buoyant expansionism has

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almost miraculously accelerated the pace of postwar economic recovery in the Federal Republic. But in the view of both Socialist and right-wing critics it has contributed to a potentially dangerous expansion of credit and to the get-rich-quick fever.

Though Dr. Erhard's paeans to free enterprise and free competition sometimes sound like speeches at an N.A.M. banquet in the United States, another side of his nature emerges when he speaks of necessary restrictions in economic freedom. "German businessmen must understand that freedom does not mean they are free to oppress others," he declared in a speech last spring.

Saving Business from Itself

Dr. Erhard has repeatedly demonstrated that he has no compunctions about using the police power of the state against abuses of the free-enterprise system. For the last nine years he has thundered against cartels in a way reminiscent of the early American trust busters, and one of his proudest achievements was to force through the last session of the Bundestag an anti-cartel bill which in his opinion is far superior to the Sherman Act or any other anti-trust legislation in the world. That is probably an exaggeration—the bill, because of its numerous loopholes, has been termed "the Swiss Cheese Act"—but in this traditionally cartel-ridden nation it is no mean feat to impose any legislative restrictions at all on monopolistic practice.

Dr. Erhard's long struggle with the cartelized portion of German business has helped to save him from the business-always-knows-best attitude of some economists who subscribe to his theories about free enterprise. Often, indeed, he seems to take the view that it is his mission to save business from itself. He instinctively dislikes and distrusts the managerial caste in the huge anonymous corporations. To him these "economic eunuchs," as he sometimes calls them, are not true businessmen. The impersonal way in which large corporations are run reminds him, he remarked to a small group of friends recently, "of a lot of damn bureaucrats shuffling papers. Give them civil-service ratings and they would just as soon be nationalized." What he admires, and what he misses in the modern corporation bureaucrat, is the enterprise and adventurousness of the nineteenth-century entrepreneur.

Though he is probably the foremost German champion of U.S. business concepts and techniques, Dr. Erhard is far from an uncritical admirer of American businessmen. Apart from seeing in our "organization men" the counterparts of the "economic eunuchs" he detests at home, he levels his chief criticism of America at our foreign-trade policy.

"The Americans are fine teachers," he sardonically told a conference of Christian Social Union Party deputies some years ago. "They tell us to tear down our trade barriers and create a bigger market while they close up their own country. They would rather give us presents to buy our gratitude than enable us to trade with them on a basis of equality."

For a while Dr. Erhard had high hopes in the Eisenhower administration, only to be dismayed by the intensification of the protectionist trend since 1953. Today he is particularly critical of Washington for applying the credit brakes while neglecting imports as a means of fighting inflation by keeping prices down. He fears that both government and business in the United States are tending increasingly to lose sight of what he considers the most basic of all economic freedoms: the consumer's freedom of choice.

The Professor Gets into Politics

In his youth Erhard soon showed a passion for economics that has never wavered. After front-line military service in the First World War, in which he was seriously wounded, he won his doctorate in economics and was appointed professor at the Nuremberg School of Commerce. During the Nazi period he had to give up his professorship—he never joined the party—and though he does not appear to have played an active role in the anti-Hitler wartime underground, he was in contact with several of the conspirators and narrowly escaped imprisonment.

After a brief, stormy period as minister for trade and industry in the reorganized postwar Bavarian government, Erhard got a specialist's job under General Lucius Clay, and in 1948 was made chief economic administrator of West German "Bizonia." There he gave top priority to industrial reconstruction and bluntly warned that the success of his policies depended on keeping the miserable living standards of the German worker from rising for several years to come. He wanted to do away with rationing and price controls long before most German—or Allied—economic experts thought it was safe, and felt that doing too much to ease the misery of the unemployed would undermine their character.

It was at a C.S.U. party congress in Augsburg in the spring of 1949 that Dr. Erhard first outlined the concept that was ultimately to emerge as *soziale Marktwirtshaft*—a term originally coined by his adversaries. But to the mildly leftist Catholics of the C.S.U., Dr. Erhard's new economic freedom sounded too much like old-fashioned laissez faire, and in consequence the party—which had never really accepted Dr. Erhard as one of its own—refused to let him run under its colors as a candidate in the first Bundestag election. He finally had to run as a member of the parent Christian Democrats and, having won, was made economics minister in the first Adenauer cabinet at the insistence of the Ruhr industrialists.

In the eight years since, Erhard has been able to hold up Germany's prodigious boom as vindication of his once unpopular ideas. His merit in the public eye is not dimmed by the fact that other members of the government have contributed to the result, and that the basis of the German "economic miracle" is the organized dynamism of the German people as a whole, while various external factors ranging from Marshall Plan aid to the Korean War have given the "miracle" powerful assists. "Erhard counts a lot on his luck," one foreign economic observer commented to me, "but I'm not sure that even he realizes just how lucky he has been."

In the recent electoral campaign, opposition economists, confronted with the towering reality of German prosperity, stressed its potential vulnerabilities. One of these is un-

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doubtedly the enormous burden of debt contracted by German industry at interest rates ranging from eight to twelve per cent. Between the end of 1951 and the end of 1956, short-term indebtedness alone mounted from $3.1 billion to $7.15 billion. Other credit statistics show a comparable expansion, but many German industrialists complain that they are starving for long-term investment funds.

The dependence of West German industry on the export market—which Dr. Erhard has done a lot to foster—is even more dangerous. It is reflected in the ratio between the gross national product in 1956, estimated at a whopping $45.8 billion, and exports of $7.15 billion (as against imports of $6.64 billion). Thus in 1956 exports amounted to a little less than sixteen per cent of the gross national product, a ratio that gives many economists the shivers, especially when they try to calculate what even a mild world depression, touched off by a slump in the United States, might do to West German exports. The danger is the greater because Dr. Erhard's policies have not yet developed a substantial cushion of domestic buying power and consumer demand.

THOUGH he may not have answered all the opposition objections, Dr. Erhard has shown considerable awareness of the problems to which they refer. Foreign observers likewise feel that he recognizes the need of remedying the disequilibrium in European exchanges mirrored by the swollen West German gold and foreign exchange reserves—now at $5.75 billion—and the heavy speculative pressures against the British pound, the French franc, and the Dutch florin. That this disequilibrium threatens the European Common Market probably does not bother Dr. Erhard. He once enraged Chancellor Adenauer by referring to the Common Market in a semi-public meeting as "a marriage between a healthy young man [the German economy] and a worn-out prostitute [the French economy]." Erhard supports the British plan for a European free-trade zone, however, and he realizes that there may soon be no European trade at all unless West Germany uses its economic strength both wisely and generously for the common good. His coolness toward the Common Market is not based on economic nationalism but on a fear that it will breed bureaucratic controls and cartels behind the wall of European protectionism. Erhard is credited with writing into the Common Market treaty a number of constructive provisions aimed at averting or at least mitigating these dangers.

'Biting the Hand . . .'

The real threat to Europe and to West Germany's own prosperity is not the limitations of Dr. Erhard's economic doctrine, about which plenty may be said on either side, but the revolt of the irresponsible wing of German big business against his leadership. For the recent price-raising decision of the Ruhr coal operators was a coldly premeditated move with political implications clear to all concerned.

On July 27, at the height of the electoral campaign, the representatives of the coal cartel—which Dr. Erhard had attacked with particular vigor in the past—wrote to him warning that it would be necessary to apply to the European Coal and Steel High Authority in Luxembourg for permission to raise their price list effective October 1. Dr. Erhard was worried about the political implications of the move and unwisely asked the coal industry to keep the matter secret for the time being. The coal barons took this to mean that their demands would be met once the elections had been won by Adenauer's party.

Accordingly they wrote to Dr. Erhard again directly after the elections, announcing their decision to send the new price list without delay to the High Authority.

Dr. Erhard, aroused, called the president of the coal-sales cartel to demand that the coal men meet with him before taking any action. At their conference the minister agreed that some increase in the price of coal was justified, but he accused the mineowners of trying to get twice as much as was reasonable. The meeting closed with a vague agreement to consult further and to take no action before September 25. But on September 23, the coal men announced bluntly at a press conference in Essen—called without warning Dr. Erhard—that the cartel's decision to raise prices was final.

After going on the air and thundering against the Ruhr barons, Dr. Erhard swallowed his pride and asked the coal men to let him present a last plea before their general meeting, at which some two hundred mineowners or directors would be present. They agreed, and at a session on September 30, in the newly erected Ruhrkohlehaus at Essen, a big brick monstrosity topped by a fortresslike tower, Dr. Erhard made an impassioned plea for moderation in the interest of *soziale Marktwirtschaft*. Spokesmen for the coal men answered coolly that since West Germany now enjoyed the free-market economy that Dr. Erhard had so long championed, the government had no business interfering.

AS A CROWNING insult, the mineowners asked Dr. Erhard to retire to a little reception room while they voted on his proposals. Twenty minutes later Dr. Sohngen, the cartel director, came to inform him that the owners would agree to a four-

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week postponement if Erhard would agree to a public endorsement of their demands at the end of the period. Dr. Erhard indignantly refused, and left the building in such a rage that for once he forgot to stick a cigar in his mouth.

In a press conference staged to rub salt in Dr. Erhard's political wounds, one of the biggest mineowners, Dr. Ferdinand Marx, made an interesting slip of the tongue. "I don't see any reason why the new prices shouldn't start today," he said. "Now that we have the confidence of our voters—I'm sorry, I mean of our stockholders—we cannot disappoint them." As if to underscore their defiance of the federal government, the mineowners released to the press the text of a letter to other industrial organizations in West Germany, advising them likewise to raise prices at this time despite government efforts to hold the line against inflation.

Some observers see this demonstration as bringing into the open the real nature of the relationship that has been growing in the Federal Republic between its political institutions and the holders of its economic power. Others believe that this view is too pessimistic and underestimates both the character of Dr. Erhard and the political power he can mobilize.

Apart from the immense moral and political authority of Chancellor Adenauer which backs up his own considerable popularity, Erhard has recently gained a formidable if unexpected ally: organized labor. At a conference here with the chancellor the other day, in which the minister of economics participated, representatives of the major West German labor unions pledged support to the fight against price increases. The gratitude with which Dr. Erhard accepted their offer underlines the gravity of the crisis.

It is not only national economic policy or Dr. Erhard's own political future that is at stake in his struggle with the mineowners. It is whether the federal government in West Germany is to become the servant of big enterprise or whether business exists, as Dr. Erhard has often proclaimed, to serve the needs of the national community.

Views & Reviews

Homage To the Master of Prades

JOSEPH SZIGETI

Pablo Casals' firmness in denying himself things he considers harmful to his playing must have helped to speed his recovery from a recent heart attack. Long before he was threatened, he would deny himself a glass of wine at mealtimes, which for a Catalonian is a greater sacrifice than we may imagine. When, in Prades in 1950, he offered my wife and me a glass of the sweet Malaga-like wine of the region without partaking of it himself, he made it clear that it was a sacrifice at the altar of the unrelenting taskmaster perfection.

It was as a Catalonian patriot that Casals spoke to me during a crossing to America in the late 1920's. The subject was not music but rather the artist's need in the midst of his uprooted existence for a feeling of belonging to some spot, preferably his native soil. (He knew that I had lived in England, in Switzerland, in France—everywhere but in the country of my birth—without belonging anywhere.) He told me of his birthplace, Vendrell, and of the heartbreak and joys of the founding of his Barcelona orchestra, the Orquesta Pau Casals, of San Salvador in Catalonia, of his house there, and of the sentiment that binds him to the people of his homeland.

This conversation came back to me vividly when during one of my visits in Prades Casals suddenly turned to an old engraved map of Catalonia on the wall and—finger on the glass—outlined to me the boundaries of his Catalonia in former centuries, and told me of its repeated occupations by the French and of its specifically Catalonian culture.

His substitution of the native "Pau" for the Castilian "Pablo" is part of this pattern, proof of his preoccupation with the question of the right to use the Catalan language, the identity of Catalonia as a distinct entity of western Europe. Casals and his entourage speak only Catalan at home.

His composing of *sardanas* is an expression of this same preoccupation; the *sardana* is a favorite folk dance of the Catalonians, which "They cherish with patriotic fervor as an expression of the people and their

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common democratic feeling." "The *sardana* is our flag," Casals often explains. A saying like this is characteristic of the habit Casals has of giving a personal, symbolic meaning to natural phenomena. So, for instance, he can talk about the rugged, majestic height of the Matterhorn and compare the mountain to Bach —especially during the months of teaching in Zermatt at the foot of the mountain. From the endless variety that he knows is in nature, from the individuality in every leaf and every grain of sand, he draws the metaphors he incessantly uses to urge young cellists to express the uniqueness of some melodic or rhythmic fragment.

His well-known reluctance to rehearse chamber music with colleagues he really respects probably stems from this same faith—faith in the rightness of reactions.

"Rehearse? Let's improvise!" he has been heard to exclaim. And on the "bootleg" recording of a rehearsal made in Prades unknown to him, he was heard to say that he had never been able to find the right tempo for the movement they were about to play but he hoped they would find it that morning.

When Casals, Myra Hess, and I recorded the Brahms C-Major Trio at the 1952 Prades Festival we suggested listening to the playbacks in the usual way before going on to the next movement, but Casals would have none of it. Perhaps it is this absence of fussiness that gives his recordings their immediacy and spontaneity.

A Man Becomes a Legend

It is not surprising that those who have been in the "original" band of the faithful around Casals should sometimes regret the passing of their hero into the realm of celebrity —as celebrity is understood these days. The early enthusiasts now find themselves lost in the mob.

I am thinking of the past and of the present—of that 1957 horse-racing event in San Juan, Puerto Rico, which was named after Don Pablo Casals, with its flower show dedicated to him, the tortoise-shell Casals cutouts for the souvenir trade, and other such by-products of celebrity. I wish I had sat down to write this piece thirty years ago.

Not that the potent magic of Casals' art acts on me any the less. But the current in the crowds around Casals naturally cannot have the same origins now. It is inevitable

that adulation of the wrong sort and for the wrong reasons should creep in.

The understanding that met the precious offerings of Casals in those days, the thrill of discovery that was ours when he played Bach gamba sonatas with the harpsichordist Violet Gordon Woodhouse in a small hall on London's New Bond Street or when we had the cello transcription of the César Franck violin sonata revealed to us at Town Hall, New York, those feverish evenings in the Budapest "Redoute" concert hall—all this we must no longer seek or hanker after. Those were the days when Casals could be heard in the red-plush intimacy of the tiny *Kursaal* theater in Montreux under a young conductor named Ernest Ansermet.

I realize now how much there is in Casals' art and personality that I have come to take for granted: the short, stocky, earthy master with the probing, youthfully clear, and twinkling eyes, with those economical movements when he is playing his cello, conducting the orchestra, or simply stopping in the street of Zermatt on his way to miniature golf, or walking under the enormous parasol he always carries, arm in arm with his lovely pupil Martita (now his wife), while he stops to receive the homage of some unknown admirer or expressions of friendship and love from someone in his entourage.

At a rehearsal of the first Prades Festival in 1950, when he stopped the orchestra in order to give me a welcoming embrace, he seemed then to me essentially the same Casals I had heard and spoken to as an adolescent in Brussels in 1909. When I came to rehearse my concerto under his baton and looked up at him, I felt just the same as if forty-one years had not passed.

He Created His Successors

We should never forget what is due to Casals for the emergence in our time of such superb cellists as the late, ever-regretted Emanuel Feuermann, or Gregor Piatigorsky, or Pierre Fournier. These men did not actually sit at Casals' feet, but it was Casals who made room for them, established standards, and created a demand in the public conscience for cellistic perfection. I still remember what a distinguished representative of the older German school, Hugo Becker, told me in 1914 or 1915: that it had been Casals who had put the cello where it belongs, and that all cellists should rejoice in Casals' unmatched prestige. An example like Casals' brought powerful pressure, the impact of which was felt even in the most obscure conservatories and in the cello sections of modest provincial orchestras. Casals must have caused countless cellists and their teachers to submit themselves to a searching *examen de conscience,* to revise their antiquated methods, to aim higher, and to eliminate play-

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ing habits that on the so-called "unwieldy" instrument were once considered—but are no longer—necessary evils.

The Casals standard of exquisite harmonic intonation, his ideas on bow technique and fingering, which did away with compromises such as "auxiliary notes" that had been tolerated in connecting notes that were far apart (one could call them "emergency landings")—all these are achievements that time will never destroy. Casals has given the public unforgettable moments of musical experience, unmatched in eloquence, poignancy, elegance, and characterization. There has only been one Casals in the history of the cello, yet in the years to come his role will not be left unfilled.

His discipline, steeled in the lifelong study of the masters, his faculty for drawing benefit from the accidents of his life, must have been of help to him during these recent months of convalescence. He must have applied the same rigor to himself that all we musicians must observe in the disciplined hours of training in our studios. In a letter to a friend from Prades some three or four years ago he wrote of the hours he spent practicing and said: *"Je pense encore faire des progrès."*

Only Casals could speak of progress at his age. But who knows? As the late Eugène Ysaye has said, "Where Casals is concerned, anything is possible."

The following are Mr. Szigeti's personal favorites among the many Casals performances that are available on records:

Bach's Suite No. 1 in C; Prades Festival Orchestra on Columbia ML-4348

Brahms's Trio No. 2 in C for Violin, Cello, and Piano; Szigeti, Casals, and Myra Hess on Columbia ML-4720

Dvorak's Concerto in B Minor for Cello; George Szell conducting the Czech Philharmonic on Victor LCT-1026

Schumann's Concerto in A Minor for Cello and Orchestra; Prades Festival Orchestra on Columbia ML-4926

THEATER:

A Question of Timing

MARYA MANNES

If talent and timing are the two major ingredients of success in all forms of art, I suspect that in theater timing is the more important of the two. It is *when* a play is produced that counts, for if the audience is not ready for it talent will not save it. And this is what makes producers shudder before an opening: Is it too late or too soon? Is it right for now?

The two most solid hits so far in the young season are clearly right for now: *West Side Story* and *Look Back in Anger*. And it is no accident

that they are both sharply contemporaneous, brutal, and angry. A people as swaddled and petted as we have been seem to be ready now for shock. What may well have offended us in our heyday of induced tranquillity (ebbing, praise God) now excites us. Maybe Little Rock and Sputnik have taken off some of the wraps.

Nothing could be more violent, more disturbing, and in some ways uglier than the structure of *West Side Story:* a story of delinquents, of the battle for the streets between the Puerto Rican "Sharks" and the indigenous "Jets," of the ferocious tensions of slum life in a jungle society. The miracle is the creative use of this material toward the improbable end of beauty. This Jerome Robbins and Arthur Laurents and Leonard Bernstein have done, achieving, with the inspired settings of Oliver Smith, a most powerful work of art.

Robbins, director and choreographer, was the presiding magician, for he has turned the ritual hatreds of desperate kids into patterns of astounding beauty. Their raw movements have been clarified and translated into dance: their strut, their insolent languor, their jive looseness, their dope-tightness, their brazen calm, their instantly triggered ferocity. It is hard to see how a gang war on a racial basis can be anything but repellent and frightening. *West Side Story* is both, and yet it is also a classical ballet of death.

What might have been as mawkish as it is contrived—the Capulet-Montague love between the Puerto Rican girl and the "Jet" boy—is, miraculously again, neither. Instead it achieves moments of genuine purity. Mr. Bernstein's versatility is such that his music can be tender and melodic as well as frenzied and contrapuntal, and the musical would be unbearable if the relentless tension of the score were not relieved from time to time by simple song.

West Side Story is a tough evening in any case. But this exercise in violence is not an exploitation of sensation, pegged on delinquency headlines. It says something. It says that these young people are cramped, stifled, crazed by the walls around them. It says that they want out but can get out only through the temporary relief of violence. It says that even this violence has code and ritual. And it says, finally, that racial hatreds are nothing but the outward expression of terrible inadequacies within the haters.

Puteo, Ergo Sum

Look Back in Anger is, of course, something else again, although it deals with the revolt of youth, specifically British middle-class youth, against the times. The play was re-

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viewed in these pages last year, the conclusion being that John Osborne had written—brilliantly and excitingly—a long, loud, bitter whine from a very muddled and self-pitying protagonist. Yet it is all part of this shaking off of illusion, this impatience with benevolent deception, this need for air, that marks it as right for now. It is also part of a current philosophy—one that appears in such disparate forms as the writings of Samuel Beckett, Caitlin Thomas (Dylan's widow, author of *Left Over Life to Kill*), and Diana Barrymore—which might be expressed as "I stink, therefore I am."

Romanoff and Juliet, which I reviewed here a year ago after seeing it in London, is of near-hit status, and the majority opinion confirms my own: that Peter Ustinov is excruciatingly funny, that the play is a giddy charade, and that when Ustinov is not on, the fun thins out. Beyond that, I have the feeling now that the play is too late. The plight of a tiny mythical nation squeezed between two giant world powers, potentially comic material in any case, was funny enough in Ustinov's hands a year ago, and it was possible to laugh at the preposterous stupidities of the American ambassador and the Soviet envoy without unease. People still laugh at them, with Ustinov, but not so heartily. With that thing orbiting overhead every few hours it is just not very funny any more, and the satire—within a space of months—has become dated. We are in desperate need of political satire, but the targets have shifted and the aim must be adjusted.

A FAR MORE NOTABLE instance of poor timing in theater was *The Egghead,* by Molly Kazan. This is a study of a muddleheaded old-style liberal professor at a New England college. It was intelligently written, very well acted, and at no time boring, but it was clear after the first five minutes that it was five years late. The starry-eyed idealist who is duped by practical Communists is not our problem now. Our problem is the nearsighted "realist" who is duped by himself. Certainly we had our "Hank Parson," who couldn't see the particular threat for the general principle. But in retrospect he may have done us far less harm than his business-minded successor, unhampered by noble ideals. Although Mrs. Kazan made her egghead liberal a jumbo-sized fool, she deserved respect for making her Communist, a former student of the professor's, a highly intelligent and articulate Negro. Things are indeed picking up when writers have the courage to draw their villains from minority groups.

When We Had Poetry

So fine, in short, is this question of timing, so mysterious the essence of public preoccupation, that producers are understandably tempted to retreat into the past for safety. In two recent productions the past has been the dramatist's own: Sean O'Casey's in *I Knock at the Door,* an evocation of his childhood; and Dylan Thomas's in *Under Milk Wood,* the evocation of a village of his youth.

Both plays are free-form poems. O'Casey's is read by fine actors sitting on stools on a bare stage who manage to bring alive the little half-blind Irish boy, and his turmoils of growth, and his family and their days, in language that is a pure delight: lilting, wayward, lusty, comic, and touching in turn. And because there is no distraction of movement and scene, the words come fully and richly into their own.

The play's presenters—Paul Shyre, Lucille Lortel, and Howard Gottfried—wisely limited its engagement, aware that, like chamber music, this was special fare, needing intimate audiences with attentive ears.

The same could be said of *Under Milk Wood,* and perhaps one of the reasons why it is not as effective and affecting here as it was in England is that in trying to give this Welsh hymn of life a wider audience by clothing it in a complex physical production and endowing it with a great deal of movement, the substance is somehow diluted. I found myself wishing, as I did not in London, for the pure sound alone, so that I could devise my own proper images. The scenery here was far too explicit; Llareggub may be a fishing village in South Wales, but its shapes and colors are in Thomas's mind. And although the movements of the enormous cast who embody the poet's people were artfully managed by director Douglas Cleverdon, they tended to pull the eye away from its private vision. It seemed to me also that the slackening of tempo—presumed necessary for greater intelligibility to an audience new to Welsh inflections—reduced the tumbling, riotous flow of the London production. Or could it be this larger aspect of timing? Possibly we are not in the mood for anything so remote from our own ways, if not from our own time. It has been decades, anyway, since poetry *was* one of our ways.

The Eternal Elizabeth

Better, if it is escape we want, to escape utterly in time and kind and lose oneself in the gilt and grandeur of pure theater. This can be done at

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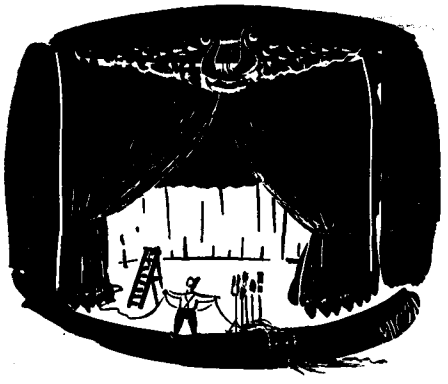
the Phoenix Theatre, where there is a new adaptation by Jean Stock Goldstone and John Reich of Friedrich Schiller's *Mary Stuart*. I doubt whether the visit of Elizabeth II entered the calculations of producers Hambleton and Houghton when they planned this portrait of Elizabeth I, but in a city impregnated with emotions of monarchy the timing was useful. Yet the elements of *Mary Stuart* are as timeless as the story of Mary and the first Elizabeth itself. For you need not be a partisan of either to be entranced by the struggle of their wills, by their total difference of nature, by the web of court skulduggeries, whether at Westminster or Fotheringay, by the whole splendid sweep of their times. Schiller most certainly was, and writes in tune with them. More, of course, he confronts Elizabeth with Mary in blithe contradiction of history. But what dramatist of mettle could resist bringing the two together? And what sparks they throw off in this performance, thanks to Eva Le Gallienne as Elizabeth—pale, subtle, rapier-sharp, austere, containing, yet racked by her passions; and Irene Worth as the openly passionate Queen of Scots, who is so much the woman.

All, indeed, are wonderfully right at the Phoenix, from Max Adrian as Elizabeth's sinister counselor, Lord Burleigh, to young John Colicos, a fanatic-faced Sir Edward Mortimer. Director Tyrone Guthrie lets his actors act in the grand style. After the diminutions and restraints of television, where actors must literally toe the line, and after the tortured self-examinations of The Method, this is a luxury. Is it timing again? The right moment for a return to the skills and disciplines, the total control of voice and body, of classic theater? Could be.



Three Cameras, No Perspective

ROBERT H. ALBERT

THE FOURTH Cinerama production, *Search for Paradise,* proves once again that Cinerama technique is unsurpassed in presenting scenes of wide dimension, brilliant colors, and fast motion. We see on the giant screen the paradisal state of Hunza "on the roof of the world," the awesome and exquisite Vale of Kashmir surrounded by white-topped mountains, the extravagant Oriental cascade of red and gold against black both in the crowning and in the coronation parade of the king of Nepal. We are taken for a wild jeep ride down a narrow, twisting mountain road in Pakistan and for a plunging thirty-five-mile ride in a rubber raft through the erratic currents of the Hunza River. However unusual these motions, colors, and panoramas may seem to most of us, Cinerama makes them—one must say—real. Only if one had three eyes, as Cinerama has with its three cameras, could one see so much.

IT'S SURPRISING, therefore, that those responsible for Cinerama could manage to make so little of their immense potential. How could they have interlarded their beautiful pictures with such utterly banal script, lyrics, and music? The ear is offended and the mind insulted by what Lowell Thomas (Mr. Cinerama, you might say) and his associates in this fourth big-screen, big-noise venture have offered us by way of a story to bind together what the eye would perceive with such delight.

Mr. Thomas sets off as one of President Eisenhower's representatives to the coronation of the king of Nepal, taking along the Cinerama crew in order to bring back alive, for us, the spectacle he is to witness. Aboard a Flying Box Car, with crew, cameras, and sound equipment, he just happens to meet two Air Force men—a major and a sergeant whose tours of duty are about up—who offer to tag along with Mr. T. in his search for paradise. Through a whole series of contrived "adventures" the major emerges as the one interested in things of the mind (*he* visits shrines, temples, etc.) while the sergeant hankers only after the things of the flesh (*he* eats, drinks, is carried through mountain passes that the major bravely hikes through). Mr. Thomas obviously knows how to tell an officer from an enlisted man. After tasting all the exotic joys that the roof of the world has to offer, Mr. Thomas's stereotyped companions return to Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, to sign up for another tour of duty because, we are told, "Paradise is something different for every man. It's the Air Force for them."

But the real focus, of course, is on Lowell Thomas. He is script writer, lyrics writer, narrator, and star. It is his trip, his Cinerama crew, his words—written by him, spoken by him—and his face. Songs, the words of which he wrote in collaboration with Ned Washington, are sung about him. We watch at distressing length as he dresses for the coronation, assisted by the jovial, earthy "Sarge." Everyone else has a valet, he says, and so the Sarge is his; after all, the United States has a reputation to keep up.

Ambrose Bierce called a picture "a representation in two dimensions of something wearisome in three," and this new Cinerama production—with the exceptions noted earlier—fits the definition perfectly.

What's to be done with this medium, so rich in possibilities, so badly misused so far? How can it be improved? These are serious questions to which the producers of Cinerama ought to apply themselves diligently. I would suggest only that it not be used for the glorification of one man. It may be Lowell Thomas's paradise, but it is not ours.

A SONG (presumably written in part by Mr. Thomas) set to calypso rhythm asks: "Mr. Lowell Thomas, adventurer, to stay in Kashmir would prefer . . . but we have no microphone that he can use, so if he stay here who will broadcast the news?" Well, let's see now, there's . . .

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A Secret Counselor Lifts the Curtain

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THE HOLSTEIN PAPERS: THE MEMOIRS, DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF FRIEDRICH VON HOLSTEIN. VOL. I: MEMOIRS AND POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS. *$5.* VOL. II: DIARIES. *$8.50.* Edited by Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher. *Cambridge.*

He was a dour, secretive, solitary figure, moving about the inner corridors of imperial Germany's Foreign Office with cold, prying eyes and a thick black beard—a man so mistrustful and bent on his privacy that he only once let himself be photographed and remained a withdrawn bachelor all his life. Although he enjoyed the special favor of Chancellor Bismarck and the young Kaiser William II, he declined high-ranking ministerial posts and lived out his years as simply the senior Counselor of the Wilhelmstrasse. Yet Friedrich von Holstein's influence and power, exerted silently through inner chambers, became legendary. Stories were spun about the private dossiers with which he was said to have humbled his rivals. Learned historians, never able to get at all the facts behind the mask, labeled him the mysterious Gray Eminence of pre-1914 Germany.

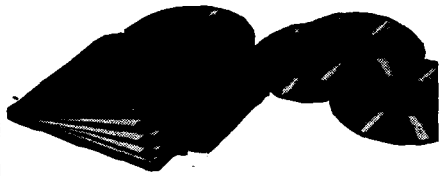
What is clear is that he was one of the last professionals of an age that saw traditional secret diplomacy reach its ultimate involutions on the Continent, with the end result of world war. Today that age is thought of as being utterly remote, and Holstein lingers in memory only as one of its symbolic ghosts.

In his time, the man was so effective that some of his contemporaries looked on him as "the Spider," sitting at the center of the webs of foreign policy he had spun. Others called him "the Mole," because he preferred to work in the dark. Bismarck, the ranking practitioner of the secret art, grew so apprehensive of his own pupil's skill at it that he is said to have called Holstein "the man with the hyena eyes." The brassy Emperor William II, who made many a resounding misstep on the world stage, partly as a result of advice received from Counselor Holstein, referred to him during his twilight years in exile as a *"Höllensohn"*—a "son of hell."

SUCH A REPUTATION as an evil genius requires some foundation either in genius or at least in evil. The Holstein mystery, one of the most absorbing in modern European history, was abetted in the first instance by Holstein himself, with his love of concealment. He wrote no massive memoirs, his hand appears officially in few state papers, and he made no speeches. His patron Bismarck had even advised him not to keep a diary, lest in it he mix private and professional matters. He worked chiefly through conversations and a vast confidential correspondence with Germany's representatives around the globe, his cables being so privileged that they were not even officially logged or filed and were often seen by no one but the recipient. Metternich and Talleyrand operated no more discreetly than did the Wilhelmstrasse's ingrown bachelor.

But one of the advantages of wars is that occasionally they break open the locks of buried archives. The subterranean Holstein, for all his secreting of evidence like a one-man CIA, could not resist the temptation to jot down frank and gossipy notes for the eyes of his platonic love, a lady cousin. These, together with masses of letters and fragments of self-justifying memoranda, passed eventually into the hands of another lady friend. In the 1930's, Hitler's Gestapo impounded them on the ground that they might contain matter compromising Germany's imperial past and its exalted figures. This they indeed do, as anyone may see from the installments of the Holstein papers now published.

They also show up the feared *éminence grise* himself, and reveal



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him as a malevolent talebearer and political dunderhead on the back stairs of the Continent's most powerful and least savory court.

The Patterns of Distrust

Two patriarchal figures dominated that court and all Germany with it during the first period of the young empire's meteoric rise, a period that also saw the rise of Holstein. One was the iron-fisted Bismarck, who tyrannized the whole Reich even though (in contrast to Chancellor Adenauer in our own day) he could never muster a safe majority in the national legislature. The other was the bewhiskered and aging Emperor William I, whom Bismarck made his tool. Bismarck's method, very much like Hitler's later, was to maintain himself in power by sowing discord abroad and apprehension at home; he trusted no one, not even his protégé, Holstein—who finally repaid him in kind. The old emperor, for his part, trusted no one less than his own son and heir, soon destined for a brief reign as Frederick III and suspect among the Junker clansmen as being under liberal English influence through his marriage to Queen Victoria's eldest daughter.

To make matters around the summit even more unpleasant, Frederick and his consort were barely on speaking terms with *their* son, the future William II, a haughty young militarist throwback who delighted in saber rattling despite his crippled arm and who detested his parents. "A cozy family life," remarked Holstein to his Cousin Ize.

In this human morass, where imperial figures watched each other's health chiefly with the hope that they would drop dead, Bismarck and his circle intrigued against Frederick, while Frederick's English wife tried to influence her husband against Bismarck, and young William and his coterie (to which Holstein at the right moment attached himself) turned against all of them.

The general shape of this has long been known. Holstein's salvaged papers illuminate it with sardonic glimpses into the conduct of affairs when the Hohenzollerns were in flower. One day, for instance, old Emperor William was informed that his dangerously ailing heir must be operated on for cancer. "Would Your Majesty care to see the doctors tomorrow, beforehand?" According to Holstein, this model of Prussian parenthood declined with the excuse that "Tomorrow is most inconvenient for me, because I'm inspecting the troops at Potsdam." Then Holstein records with evident pleasure William II's dislike of his own mother, "who has never become a Prussian, but has always remained an Englishwoman," and adds for Cousin Ize's benefit that there are rumors that she has been having an affair with her court chamberlain. Another entry describes how the young prince, while his dying father was still receiving the homage of his people at a palace window, ordered the commander of the palace guard to seal all exits of the building the

moment news came of Frederick's death, thereby virtually making his mother a prisoner.

"I think I have a mission to destroy Gaul, like Julius Caesar," the bumptious young William confided one day—an observation which Holstein also passed on to Ize. William, he said, was "obstinate and heartless." But, he added, "he may be a good ruler some day."

THE DUMPY MAN behind the black beard heard or rather overheard everything and hoped to use it to his advantage. He tells Ize that Bismarck's son Herbert (whom the Chancellor had made head of the Foreign Office, since the Bismarcks also were founding a dynasty) drinks too much and is vulnerable on that account. He sets down with a gossip's relish his knowledge that the wife-to-be of Count Bernhard von Bülow (later to become German Chancellor) has had an affair with so-and-so, and that Ambassador Hatzfeldt's wife has also been carrying on with so-and-so, while Ambassador Hohenlohe's dispatches from Paris have become "rather thin" since "he is pursuing pleasures unsuitable for his age."

And what of the great Bismarck himself, the architect of imperial Germany? Holstein destroys the patriotic image of the Spartan Chancellor by reporting, for instance, on the way he lined his own pockets through manipulating German tariff policy from backstage and accepting huge gifts from bankers. "It is a pity," Holstein remarks of his patron's greed with a smirk, "but that is Bismarck's weakest point." This was set down at a time when Holstein was an intimate at the Bismarck family table, supplying the Bismarck clan with information from his extensive network and not letting on that he was picking up some information at the table, too.

Furthermore, Holstein found the Iron Chancellor as unprincipled in public matters as he was in private. Speaking of Germany's claims to overseas colonies, the old man remarked one day, "All this colonial business is a fraud, but we need it for the elections." The elder Bismarck, like his son Herbert, often drank rather heavily. This was not their only common failing. "Both," Holstein wrote to Ize and thus for posterity, "are liars."

The Old Master's Game

This diarist was the man, then, who through his unique store of inside information and intelligence rose to help shape the policies of the Continent's greatest empire at its zenith. What, actually, did he achieve? Informers and double-dealers often claim that they are motivated by some higher purpose. In Holstein's case this appears to have been an impulse to save old Bismarck from himself, which gradually became transmuted into a desire to save young William II's boisterous empire from the Bismarck clan. "Dear Ize," he confided in 1886, "I have lost my former confidence in the supreme direction of our policy. Father and son [meaning the two Bismarcks] are not at one. The father said six weeks ago, 'If Russia and Austria come to blows, we shall have to support Austria; we can't let her be crushed.' The son, on the other hand, said to me three weeks ago, 'We can do business with Russia, but not Austria. We will help

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Russia smash Austria.'" Next year the elder Bismarck, having built a coalition with Austria against Russia, turned around and "reinsured" himself in St. Petersburg by a secret treaty with Austria's old enemy, Russia. "He is now suffering from a positive mania for secret treaties," Holstein told Ize.

The old master's game of international finesse, always designed to seek out likely partners anywhere, was too complex for the pupil, who preferred the stiletto threat. "Our policy with its criss-cross of commitments resembles the tangle of tracks at a big railroad station. The chief switchman thinks he can click everything into its proper place, and hopes . . . that the greater the confusion, the more indispensable he is." Holstein's orderly Teutonic mind, despite its forays into areas of the boudoir and the back stairs, demanded one firm, categorical line. So with pedantic consistency he promoted precisely the wrong line.

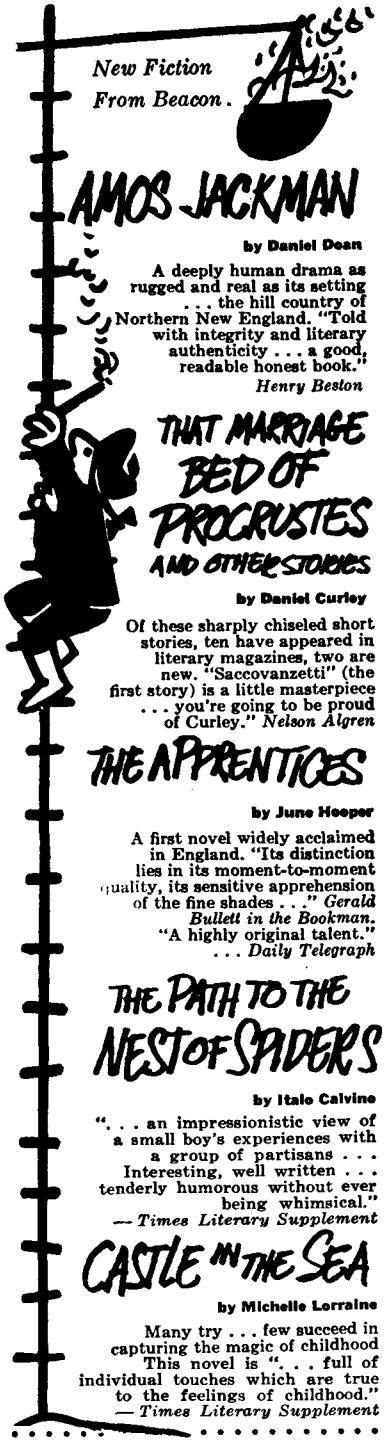
Bismarck had played the field. Holstein's way of improving on this was to advise that Germany play with no one but neighboring Austria-Hungary, since the Czarist East and the liberal West couldn't possibly unite against this combination. All Holstein's efforts were bent on this, and he used the specter of a "Russophile party" to wean German generals away from their age-old flirtations with the East, while on the other hand he spread dire rumors about "British influence" in order to burn bridges between the German commercial class and London. Bismarck, who was cynical but not stupid, was dropped by the young Kaiser in 1890, and his Russian reinsurance deal was canceled in favor of closer ties with Holstein's favorite foreign capital, gilded Vienna.

IN THE END, of course, Russia and the West did pull together, despite all the Counselor's predictions, and the Danubian Dual Monarchy became less an asset to Germany than an unlimited liability. By 1906 Germany was heading in increasing isolation toward war. Belatedly, Holstein set down that he had tried to apply brakes: "Year in and year out, the Foreign Office had to resist the Kaiser's sudden inspirations, and I was chiefly responsible for this censorship." Such as it was, the censorship was ineffective. There could have been no poorer censor, in fact, than Holstein—who in 1906 was at last fired from the Foreign Office for having advised during the international crisis over Morocco an intransigent position toward France that might have brought on general war before Berlin was ready for it.

Holstein was retired with the Order of the Red Eagle. A short time after, a vengeful blast appeared in the German weekly *Die Zukunft*, charging that William II was surrounded by a coterie of titled homosexuals. The Holstein papers do not reveal that Holstein himself inspired this as his parting shot (as many have suspected), but it seems pretty clear that he had a close connection with the editor of *Die Zukunft*—as indeed he had with anyone with whom it was profitable to share a damaging secret.

THROUGHOUT his career, by remaining the professional with inside knowledge who kept himself out of sight, Holstein remained unaccountable to either legislature or public opinion. Some German commentators, seeking to explain away the phenomenon of Holstein, have argued that democracies, too, have their entrenched palace advisers, no less removed from responsibility than he. They cite President Wilson's Colonel E. M. House. But House was a man of another caliber: He did not use the back stairs. And his master, unlike William II, was at least responsible. A Holstein with his cloaked mischief would probably not last long except in a nation that was undecided on which way to turn—east or west, forward or back—or that had failed to make its diplomacy responsible to its people.

Yet there are serious experts and philosophers in America today who argue that we have made our diplomacy too public, too subject to debate, and that a return to the good old days of secret covenants, secretly arrived at, would avoid many present difficulties. They argue that if our diplomacy could go back to the good old days, international affairs would move smoothly again. For these romantics, there is the image of the baronial old Holstein. No question about it: He *was* smooth.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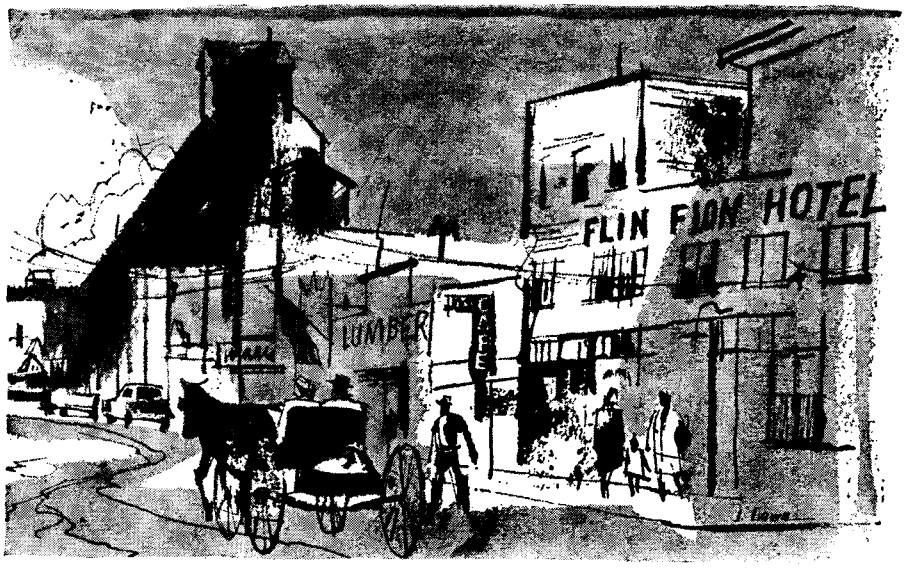

Introduction To a Next-Door Neighbor

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

CANADA: TOMORROW'S GIANT, by Bruce Hutchison. *Knopf. $5.*

THE PATH OF DESTINY, by Thomas H. Raddall. (Volume Three of "The Canadian History Series," edited by Thomas B. Costain.) *Doubleday. $5.*

To explain one country to another must be a trying task. Anyone who reads Alistair Cooke, official interpreter of Americans to Englishmen, is likely after a time to have the feeling that everything is a trifle out of focus. In the course of being explained to Englishmen, the folk rites at a political convention, the affection for the now ex-Brooklyn Dodgers, and other American foibles somehow get to seem more important than they are. The Dodgers' departure will not affect Mayor Wagner's career—like Elvis Presley, they will simply be forgotten. Convention shenanigans cut no particular ice; they are sustained by a conspiracy between the mass-communications industry and the politicians, both of whom must contend with the appalling fact that the real business could be transacted in a few hours but must be made to last a week.

For many years Canada's acknowledged interpreter to the United States has been Bruce Hutchison, a distinguished newspaperman who lives in British Columbia. For a long time his must have been a rather unrewarding task: It used to be a tenet of the book-publishing business that no one was ever interested enough to buy a book about Canada. Now things are very different. The voice of Canada is being heard with increasing authority on international affairs; Canada has emerged as one of the world's premier trading nations; the Canadian dollar is regularly above par; and any number of people seem to think that Canada is a place where the big money can still be made in the bad old way. Mr. Hutchison's day has come.

THIS VOLUME is a highly civilized account of a journey by the author and his wife from Newfoundland on the far east to British Columbia on the Pacific. Much history, geography, and politics are worked into the account. Moreover, Mr. Hutchison makes a major effort to get under the surface—he is almost painfully concerned to tell why the people of, say, Nova Scotia are as they are. This, coupled with great language felicity and a figurative skill that at times gets dangerously out of control, makes everything, including the Canadians, almost too complicated. I was born and brought up in Canada, and I finished the book with the feeling that I had had a fairly narrow escape. But one also finishes with a mild sense of regret. Mr. Hutchison is a skillful and perceptive writer. He knows his subject as few men do. If he were to control his gifts and confine himself to description and background history, he might write the best of all books on Canada. He simply puts too much spinach on the giant's brow.

War Whoops and Opportunists

"The Canadian History Series" is an enterprise not of academic historians but of Canadian or ex-Canadian journalists and novelists. Their avowed purpose was to write history less in terms of the great names and the great battles and more in terms of the *habitant* and the backwoods settler. An unavowed purpose was to provide a more readable product. It seems to be one of those enterprises that have worked. The first volume, by the prodigious Thomas B. Costain (*The White and the Gold,* Doubleday, 1954, $5), dealt with the French régime in Canada. The second, by the late Joseph Lister Rutledge (*Century of Conflict,* Doubleday, 1956, $5), covered the years of turmoil that ended when Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham and finished not only France's hopes of dominating the continent but, in effect, those of England as well.

Mr. Raddall's book now carries the story to 1850. These, too, were years of turmoil—first the perilous eruption over the border, then the War of 1812, and finally a miniature internal revolution that brought home rule and paved the way for full self-government. In contrast with Mr. Hutchison's rich involvement, Mr. Raddall is dry, detached, and on occasion sardonic. He has also learned from Churchill that a historian can obtrude his own preferences without being thrown out of the club.

On the whole he does not find little men rewarding copy. So, the intentions of the series nothwithstanding,

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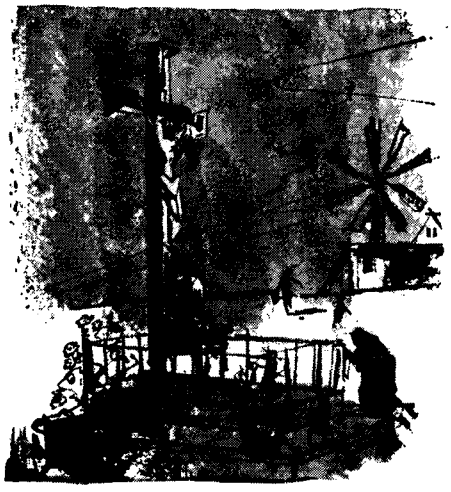
this book is mostly about the great ones—including those who were merely fantastic. A substantial part is devoted to the War of 1812, a war which, mercifully, has been mostly dropped from the American memory. It still looms much larger in Canadian history, and at least until well along in the present century Canadian juveniles studied its singularly eccentric campaigns in respectful detail. Mr. Raddall makes it clear that it might be just as well if it were forgotten by both sides. Of courageous men there were many. But the elderly and incompetent generals like Hull—who surrendered Detroit in response to a few war whoops—had their imperial counterparts. Sir George Prevost's march down Lake Champlain was an epoch of personal anxiety, and after making a series of damaging errors he seized on the first opportunity to retire.

He did, however, contribute inadvertently to American blood lines. In a space of twenty-five miles on the return march, some eight hundred of his men, most of them veterans of Wellington's peninsular campaigns, vanished into the woods in response, among other things, to the rumor that jobs at good pay were plentiful thereabouts. On Lake Ontario the admirals saw eye to eye on the undesirability of bloodshed and damage to government property. Brilliantly, considering the size of the lake, they avoided each other for nearly the entire war. Incidentally, the small scale of these skirmishes still comes as a shock. The Battle of Lake Erie in 1813 is one of the remembered feats of American arms. Admiral Perry completely defeated a British fleet and seized control of this strategic waterway for the duration of the war. ("We have met the enemy and they are ours.") The killed in action on both sides totaled sixty-eight. A single Mercedes-Benz running wild at Le Mans a couple of years ago was more lethal, and the race wasn't stopped.



In the years following the war the Canadian provinces were governed by a succession of Wellington's generals. With some notable exceptions these joined hands with the merchants and traders and, in the name of the Crown and of the Church of England, formed a bastion of privilege and reaction. The settlers and French-Canadian *habitants* sought to break their grip by winning self-government, and in 1837 this agitation culminated in a miniscule rebellion. Especially in Upper Canada this was a civil disturbance of almost incredibly minute proportions. Not entirely by accident, a contemporary pothouse is immured in history as the principal base of revolutionary operations. In the decisive battle only one unfortunate rebel failed to get out of the way of the bullets. But it took only a very small rebellion to remind the British government of 1776, and home rule came as a consequence.

It is in dealing with this period that the author's likes and dislikes come through most clearly. He frankly regards the Canadian Patrick Henrys as a very poor lot who, when faced with the choice between liberty and death, promptly took evasive action. On these and other grounds he is particularly hard on William Lyon Mackenzie, ancestor of W. L. Mackenzie King, and the tribune of the farmers and mechanics of Upper Canada. But agitators surely have a right to be judged by results—results which the author profoundly approves. In any case, these men had more courage than those who strung comfortably along with the Church, the royal establishment, the local elect, and the status quo.

Anyone who hopes to strike it rich in Canada will probably find these volumes as good an investment as any he can make. They will help him understand Canada. He will still have them if he loses his shirt.

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Pessimism About Pianists

ROLAND GELATT

SPEAKING OF PIANISTS, by Abram Chasins. *Knopf. $4.*

Because music of any period seldom seems quite as good as it was, an old habit of bewailment infects the annals of music criticism; its practitioners have a long and honorable history of viewing with alarm. Abram Chasins is situated in the mainstream of this critical tradition. Once a highly regarded concert pianist and now music director of New York *Times* radio station WQXR and an occasional writer, he speaks for a considerable group of connoisseurs who hold that the art of piano playing is presently in sad decline.

To members of this group, the late Josef Hofmann represents a kind of *ne plus ultra*, the most nearly all-encompassing pianist within living memory. *Speaking of Pianists* fittingly opens with a revealing chapter on this great musician (who was both teacher and friend of the author), then proceeds to other worthy if somewhat less Olympian pianists of yesterday and today. Included in the gallery is Leopold Godowsky, whose barbed *mots* at the expense of his fellow artists were the delight and terror of New York musical society a generation ago. "Isn't it frightful, this forgetting?" exclaimed the chess master and pianophile José Capablanca in reference to a certain pianist who had muddled his way through several bad memory lapses at a recent recital. "It wasn't what he forgot," retorted Godowsky, "it's what he remembered that was so frightful!" Not every pianist provides such readable copy, but Chasins's uncommon gift of listening to music with a discriminating analytic ear makes each of his portraits illuminating and valuable. Agree with him or not as you will, he usually has something stimulating to say.

Apropos of an LP reissue of recordings by the late Josef Lhevinne, Chasins observes that "all but a handful of today's pianists" would on direct comparison "resemble a litter of squealing kittens trying to sound like ferocious tigers." What has brought the art of piano playing to this sorry pass? The time, we are told, is out of joint. "All but the few top artists have been undermined and alienated, their confidence and hope shaken by a generation which has regarded the frank expression of poetic feelings as weakness and which views uncompromising ideals with indifference or overt contempt." The environment compels a fledgling pianist to substitute "the immediate for the absolute, cynicism for faith."

THESE GENERALIZATIONS are clothed with cogent fact when Chasins examines the effects of our concert-management system and recording industry on the artistic development of young musicians. Slowly ripened musical conceptions, a thorough understanding of style, and an engaging interpretative personality can hardly be expected, he says, from pianists who are consigned at the outset of their careers to an exhausting economic treadmill. One need not agree in every particular with Chasins's indictment of present-day piano playing to appreciate the underlying truth of his disturbing commentary.

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A Young Woman Acknowledges Sorrow

NORA MAGID

THOSE WITHOUT SHADOWS, by Françoise Sagan. Translated from the French by Frances Frenaye. *Dutton. $2.95.*

Like Wordsworth, who found it "pastime to be bound/Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground," Miss Sagan has staked out the precise dimensions of her area of operations. Perhaps for reasons of discipline, or perhaps because she starts with just so many sheets of paper and proceeds to fill them, she confines herself within predictable limits. *Bonjour Tristesse* was 128 pages long, *A Certain Smile* was 128 pages long, and now *Those Without Shadows* is 125. As if to compensate for the loss of three pages, the current book boasts several extra characters.

The themes, however, remain constant: aimless pleasures and half-hearted lusts, casual lies and knowing games, the sea and whiskey and reckless drives to lost weekends. As usual, there is the maternally sympathetic older woman of intelligence and grace, from whom rapacious young women borrow their men. There are the older men who hanker after the young women; younger men useful to the younger women they pursue; the pretty girls acting as props; and, always, of course, the heroine, this time named Josée.

She is a bored young woman, self-centered and pleasure-seeking. She may have spasms of awareness of the woes of those whom Josée refers to as "the others," but this does not deter her from using them or hurting them. Her problems are never material; she can have no professional or financial troubles, because someone else—a parent—supports her. Cécile, in *Bonjour,* Dominique, in *Smile,* are reluctant students; Miss Sagan's third heroine, Josée, drops all pretense. "I'm completely useless, from a sociological point of view," she says. "I don't really care. . . ." Cécile is "a little wildcat," having as her ideal a "life of degradation and moral turpitude." More than anything else, she fears monotony and tranquillity. Dominique is a "facile liar," a "type of wild, cold little girl" with uncombed hair and angular face. She asks herself—all the ladies are introspective in a casual way—if she is not a "typically vicious little existentialist girl from one of the cafés around Saint-Germain-des-Prés, the kind

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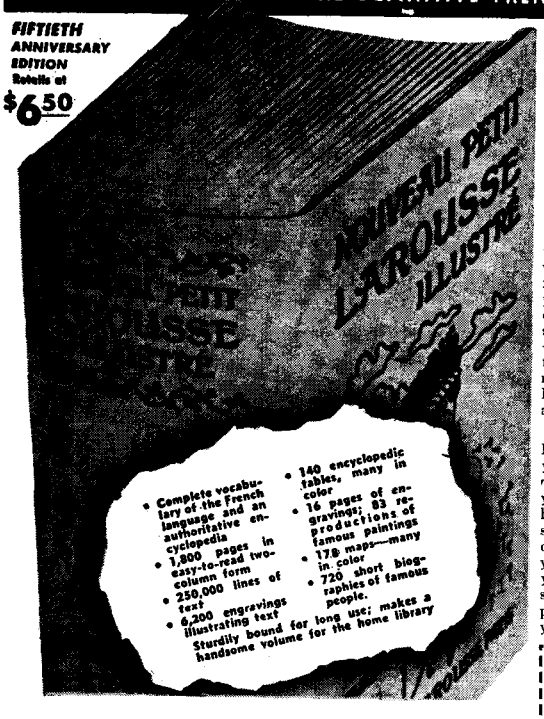
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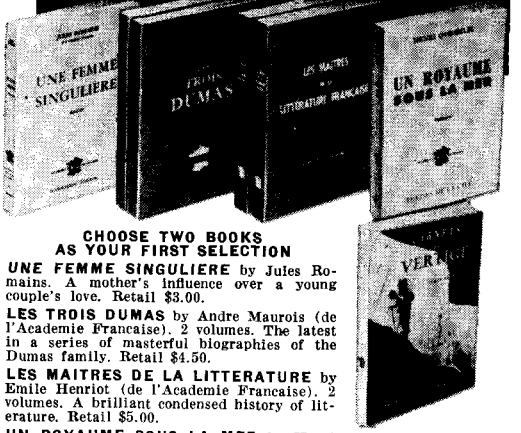

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that breaks up a marriage without even putting her mind on it."

Josée is a little more mature. Looking at herself in the mirror, she sees that she is "twenty-five years old, with three wrinkles." But she is as much a manipulator as the other two. She too has to write the script, set the scene in motion so that she may watch it. However, she represents a step forward, because where Cécile is passionately involved with her father, and Dominique with an unrelated older man, Josée settles for someone her own age. Freud would be interested in this rake's progress.

'Young for His Age'

The general atmosphere is still rather muzzily amoral and purposeless; Miss Sagan's characters don't seem abandoned so much as totally uncommitted. Few of them have definite characteristics or even last names. The heroine, a congenital voyeur, sees them in relation to herself, and removed from her cool scrutiny they tend to fuzz out at the edges. All of them are lonely and sorry for themselves. Those who are twenty or under are lonely because they are young and therefore misunderstood. Those who are twenty-five are lonely because from Miss Sagan's viewpoint they are well embarked on middle age and have already failed irreparably to achieve whatever it may be they thought they wanted. With each book, incidentally, the barrier is pushed up to correspond with the author's own advancing years. In *Bonjour,* Cécile's father is forty, though "young for his age"; the woman he is in love with can hope at best to spend ten or twenty happy years with him before they both have to die. In Miss Sagan's latest novel, the end need no longer come at the half-century mark. Alain Maligrasse is fifty, and while we are assured that he is old and cold and wrinkled and bony, he does seem to manage to function still.

Even with fewer characters it was almost impossible to keep straight who was who in the previous books. Perhaps that is why *Those Without Shadows* comes equipped with a cast of characters. As for the dramatis personae of a Restoration play, a pat tag is supplied for each character. Bernard is "A critic and would-be novelist, married to Nicole, but

in love with Josée." Edouard is "Alain's nephew; a pure-hearted young man from the country." For all the quasi-expository convenience of this skeleton key, I find the plot so complex as to require a diagram. Enough activity to sprawl through the pages of a *Gone With the Wind* is compressed into one-tenth the space. Fanny wants Alain who wants Béatrice who has Edouard and Jolyet and has had Bernard; Bernard is married to Nicole and wants Josée who has Jacques. Edouard has Béatrice and then Fanny, and Alain has Jacqueline.

The story begins and ends in the Maligrasse home. Fanny and Alain Maligrasse are fond of young people, and they give literary parties so that their old age may be warmed by youthful company. At their salon, over a period of a year, Josée and "the others" meet and shift relationships. Amid dizzying permutations, in which limp dilettantes languidly swing new partners, only Nicole and Jacques remain faithful to their first choices: As an invalid, she hasn't sufficient energy to go in for musical chairs; as a medical student, he has insufficient time for dalliance. Besides, some primitive quaint code leads him to assert possession. Like Bertrand in the second book, he refuses to share his mistress's favors. One may not marry one's lover, but one may wax proprietary.

Miss Sagan, as befits her role as elder novelist, has begun to yield to the temptation to pontificate. Her first two books were frankly simple in story and tone, and there was no moralizing. But her switch to third-person narration in *Those Without Shadows* allows the author more freedom; she can range more widely over her material, and she is led into temptation. There are frequent pronouncements. Thus we are told that memory is "that tyrant which impinges upon our dreams and leaps at our throat as soon as we awaken," that "We make our own symbols after the event has passed and begun to spoil," and that "Fame creeps up rather than explodes upon us."

Nothing matters, finally. When, after a year, the same people gather in the same parlor to listen to the same music, some of them realize that emotionally at least things pass. Josée says, "Don't think about it. If you do you'll go mad." She takes for granted the melancholy and the loneliness that those sister heroines of hers Cécile and Dominique had to learn, and she elects not to dwell on them. Miss Sagan demonstrates a further step in growing up by recognizing for the first time that it is possible to be motivated by pity. Her earlier ladies went in for a peculiar ruthlessness. But here Josée and even Bernard are able to feel rueful about his unattractive Camille of a wife. "Possession and pity—pity for the two of them—suddenly tore him apart, and he turned his head away brusquely. 'We are born crying and for good reason,' he reflected. 'And the rest of our lives is bound to be a muted reiteration of that cry.'" This is in contrast to Cécile's having "known boredom, regret and occasionally remorse, but never sorrow."

Miss Sagan retains her sense of the transient, but now there is some thing further. "Josée was the only person [Bernard] knew who had a real consciousness of time. Everyone else, including himself, was driven by a very fundamental instinct to try, or pretend, to believe that love could last and solitude be dispelled forever." Josée has come to terms with herself because she knows there are no answers; furthermore, she wants none. It is the intervals, the truces, that one can enjoy in a world that guarantees nothing but perishing boredom and fleeting alliances.

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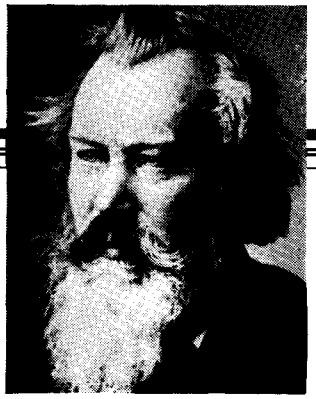

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